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The Sketch



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We here present our latest Prize Competition, as fascinating as our last. All you have to do is to write your number of the order of merit of each of the above designs—the best twelve received in our competition for a poster design for “The Sketch”—in the space provided after No. under each. Fill in the signature form on page 3 of Cover, tear off the whole Cover, and post it to us (normal postage, 2d.) Address: £1000 “Sketch” Competition, “The Sketch,” 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. Remember, we accept no responsibility for entries lost in the post; nor will we accept proof of postage as proof of receipt. The Selection Committee have already decided the order of merit, basing their choice upon the following points: adequate representation of the qualities of “The Sketch”; originality of idea; boldness of presentation; and artistic skill. We have published each design as sent in by the artist, but the absence of the word “SKETCH” in any design, or any slight inaccuracies in drawing or wording, were not taken into consideration in judging the order of merit, as they would be, of course, put right if used for poster purposes. The competitor who sends a list containing the largest number of correctly placed designs—most nearly corresponding

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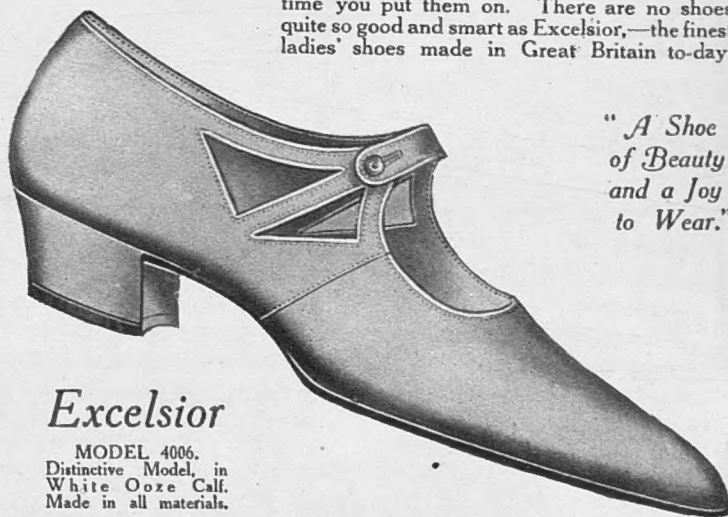
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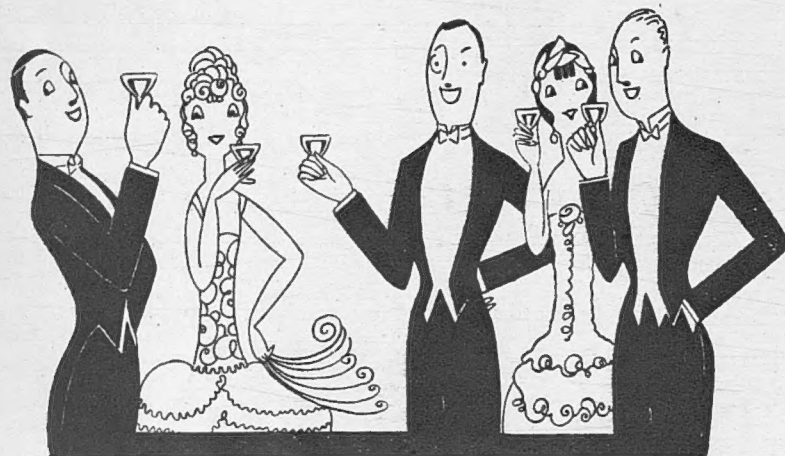
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The Sketch

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1643—Vol. CXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



WEARING HER JEWELS: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

The Duchess of York has undoubtedly been the most important of all the "lionesses" of this season, and the fact that her Royal Highness and her husband have attended so many social functions in addition to the ceremonial State appearances has added greatly to the brilliance of this most wonderful season. The Duchess of

York charms everyone wherever she goes by the charm of her manner, her dainty grace, and her delightful smile. Our photograph shows her wearing her beautiful tiara, low on her forehead, in the becoming style of the moment. She and the Duke left for their official visit to Northern Ireland last Friday.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY—GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

TURNING over, the other day, some of the earlier volumes of *The Sketch*, I came across my first contribution to these pages. It was called, "Miss Marie Corelli's Maiden Speech," and was published in the issue dated July 26, 1899.

Exactly twenty-five years ago. A quarter of a century. From that date, although my early contributions were not signed, I have figured in every number published.

It has not always been easy to come up to the post with my stuff. The Great War did not help things. A journey of fifteen thousand miles rather complicated matters. One need not, of course, take a holiday, but one is not always in the pink of health. There are such epidemics as influenza, and even a fellow clad in motley occasionally suffers from the toothache.

However, there it is. Five-and-twenty years. A goodish slice out of a lifetime, especially a working lifetime.

How many words in that time? Well, taking a thousand words a week as a low average, that would bring the total to one million three hundred thousand words. But for the last two and a half years I have been tacking on another two and a half thousand, and there have been stories and so forth. Say two million words in all, at a rough estimate.

I suppose the non-journalistic reader will think nothing of two million words. I suggest that you count the words of your next "long" letter to your dearest friend, and that will give you some idea.

I was twenty-four years of age when I wrote that first article. Now I am much younger and more irresponsible.

I remember very well that little interview with Marie Corelli. She was to open a bazaar in aid of my father's church at Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire. I was a sub-editor on the Press Association at the time, and my hours were from seven in the evening till two in the morning.

I did my trick all right, and caught the newspaper train at Paddington. And I was back in London in time to take a night-to-morning shift in place of the one I had missed. So I lost two nights' sleep, but that did not matter in the least. I knew what I was after, and I got it.

I wanted to do something to impress the

late John Latey, who was about to take over the editorship of this journal, with my energy and enterprise. I returned with the stuff, and I got the job as his assistant.

Miss Corelli was a very attractive little woman. She drove her famous pair of ponies over from Stratford-on-Avon, and she was escorted by Franklin McLeay, whom many playgoers will remember. McLeay told me they were working on a play together, which he should produce in London. I don't think that play was ever finished. At any rate, I can't remember that it was ever produced. McLeay died shortly afterwards, the result of working too hard at a huge matinée in aid of the sufferers from the Ottawa fire.

He was a charming fellow. The next time

Even the most incompetent writer cannot help making a few friends when he writes a signed article weekly for many years in a paper that goes into every leading club and hotel in the world, to say nothing of innumerable houses. One of my rewards has been to hear from my patient readers, and, when their addresses were legible, I have always tried to send them a personal reply. In a cupboard of the room in which I am writing, there are four huge envelopes stuffed with letters from unknown friends in every quarter of the globe. I am very proud of these letters, but I am not boasting about them. They would have come to anybody else who happened to be holding down the job.

One thing I am a little pleased about.

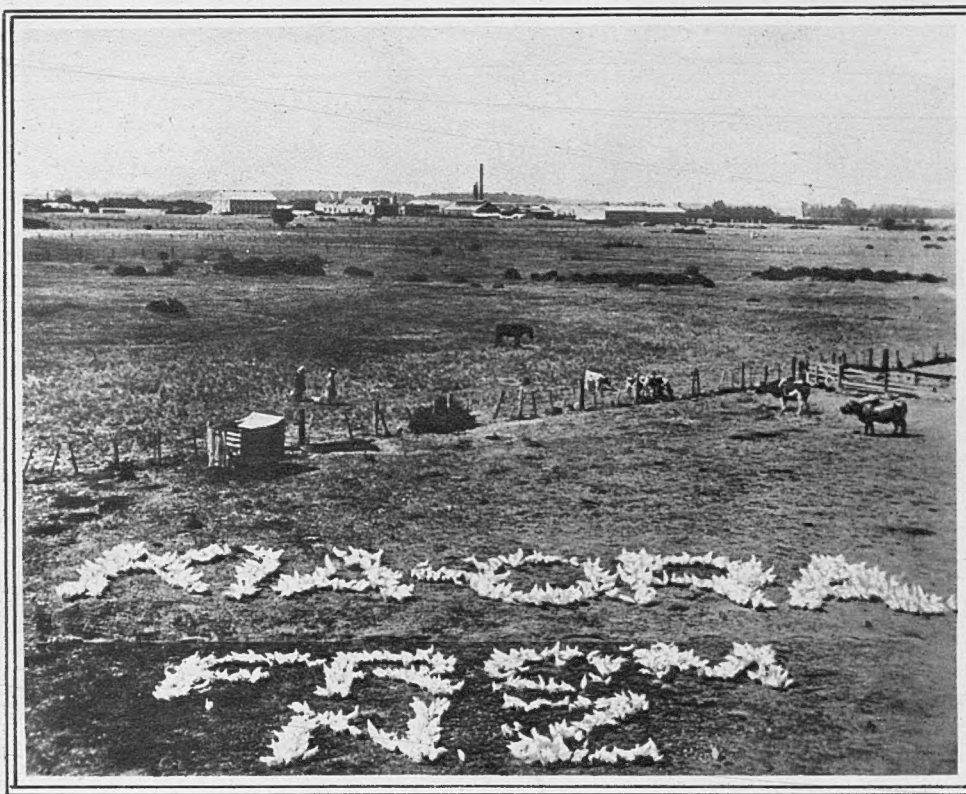
In twenty-five years—touching wood—I have never let my Editor in for any sort of trouble. It is quite easy for the most careful writer for the Press to infringe the law of libel. I remember a friend of mine receiving fifteen hundred pounds from a paper for one mention of his name in a fictional sketch. The writer said he had used the first name that came into his head, and it happened to be the name of my friend. That taught me a lesson. I think I have always been fairly outspoken, but I have never libelled anybody, and I hope I have never been unfair.

There was no *Daily Mirror* and no *Daily Sketch* when I joined the staff of this paper, but news in photography was so fascinating that those journals were certain to come. I remember telling the Editor of a very influential London daily paper that, sooner or later, he would have to use illustrations. "Never!" he retorted. For some years now that paper has had its page of pictures.

The Sketch is very popular on the Continent, by the way. During my recent travels in Italy I noticed it on the kiosks in every city. I forget how much I had to pay for it in Italian money.

Well, after all, why should people make a fuss about twenty-five years of anything? But they do, you know. Silver weddings are as popular as ever.

The Sketch is always spoken of as "Miss," so it is clear that she has never been married to anybody. But she has many devoted adherents, among whom I count myself one of the keenest. So there must be something in friendship, despite the cynics.



"EARTH"-WRITING BY PULLETS! "KIA-ORA"—GREETINGS—FROM NEW ZEALAND
BY 2000 CHICKENS.

We have recently grown accustomed to the sky-writing by aeroplanes, but our photograph shows a reverse form of publishing news—for the benefit of flying folk, no doubt, as a form of retaliation for their efforts in the air! The method is to spread the chicken-food in the letters which one wishes to be formed, and then let loose the pullets, who naturally take up the required positions to make the words. The snapshot was taken at the Reliable Stud Poultry Farm, Carterton, R.D., New Zealand, and shows the Wairarapa Frozen Meat Camp in the distance. The word "Kia-Orā" means "greeting" in Maori.

I met him he was playing Quince in Tree's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at His Majesty's. I noticed that he had blackened one of his nails, and asked him the reason.

"Oh, well," he said, "Quince was a carpenter. All carpenters, sooner or later, hit themselves on the nail. So I blacken one nail. It helps me to realise the character."

There was no *Taller* or *Bystander* in those days. *Black and White* was still coming out, but had turned rather serious; so *The Sketch* had the field to itself. It was a very cheery, sunny field for a young man to play in.

" Chez Fysher's " Famous Artist in London.



NOW TO BE HEARD AT ODDENINO'S: MME. DORA STROEVA—THE RUSSIAN DISEUSE.

Fysher's Bar—or Chez Fysher—has for some time been one of the most famous of Parisian Cabaret entertainments, and its visit to London for a short season at Oddenino's gives Londoners a chance to see a French cabaret show—as distinct from the English variety of that entertainment. Dora Stroeveva, the Russian, who is a member

of the company, is one of the most compelling personalities imaginable. She is a dark woman, dressed in black; with a white gardenia on her breast and a pink scarf round her neck. She sings in Russian—and holds the attention of every member of her audience, though they may not understand a word she sings.

The Season at Frinton-on-Sea: Tournament Pictures.



With Miss M. Cambridge: Mrs. Bouverie - formerly Miss P. Ingram. (1)



Mr. J. A. Thomas,
Miss J. Spreat,
Mrs. Ronald Tubbs &
Miss J. Wilmington.



With the Hon. Mrs. Maitland: Miss Betty Bangs.



With Mrs. Craddock (1) &
Miss Joan Austin:
Mr. Percy Bangs.



Miss Cynthia Beauchamp, Capt. Dicks (Flaneur) Miss Mavis Bersey,
Mr. J. Lezard, Mrs. Lomax & Lt. McGlashan, R.N.



With Miss Harvey: Miss Bennett,
a 17 year old player. (1)

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS: LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS AT A FAVOURITE RESORT.

Frinton-on-Sea is always a popular summer playground, and this year the entries in the annual lawn-tennis tournament were specially good, there being 108 players in the men's singles, and 91 in the ladies' singles, including a number of well-known people in the lawn-tennis world. Miss E. H. Harvey was unlucky enough to hurt her ankle and had to

retire in the second set of her match against Miss Bennett, the young Frinton player. Mrs. Ronald Tubbs was formerly Miss Marjorie Thomas, and is now a member of the Tubbs family, who are so well known at Frinton, and all compete in the tournament. Mr. Percy Bangs is the popular secretary of the club.

Photographs by Alfieri and C.P.P.

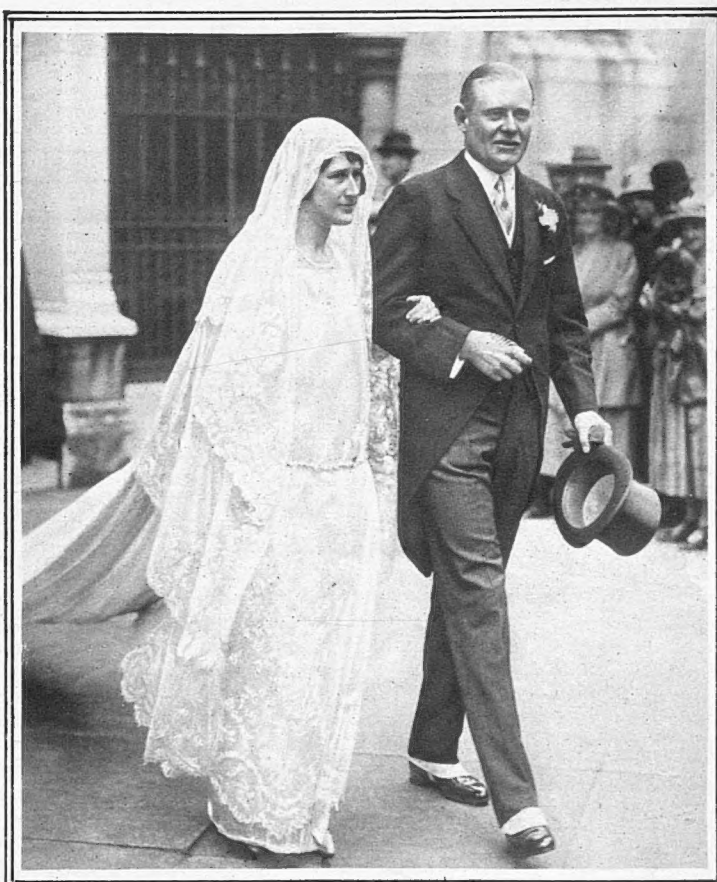
An Engaged Pair, a Wedding, and a Japanese Hostess.



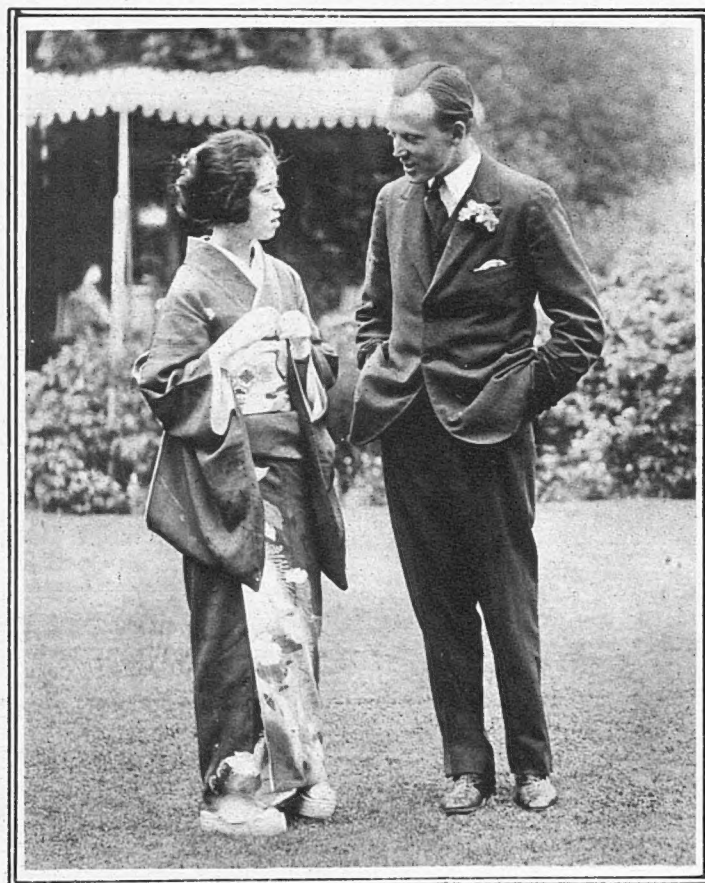
ENGAGED TO PRINCE OBOLENSKY:
MISS ALICE ASTOR.



LEAVING THE REGISTER OFFICE AFTER
INQUIRING ABOUT THE MARRIAGE
FORMALITIES: PRINCE OBOLENSKY.



THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN THE HON. REGINALD COKE, D.S.O.,
TO MISS KATHARINE RYDER: THE BRIDE AND GROOM.



A JAPANESE GARDEN PARTY: THE MASTER OF SEMPILL AND MME.
MIYASAKI, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.



THE WIFE OF THE JAPANESE NAVAL ATTACHÉ RECEIVES THE MAYORESS
OF WIMBLEDON: MME. TEIJIRO TOYODA AT HER GARDEN PARTY.

Our snapshots of Miss Alice Astor, daughter of Lady Ribblesdale, and her fiancé, Prince Obolensky, were taken outside the Register Office at Prince's Row, where Prince Obolensky went to inquire as to the preliminary formalities for getting married.—Captain the Hon. Reginald Coke, D.S.O., son of the late Earl of Leicester, and half-brother

of the present holder of the title, was married to Miss Katharine Ryder, daughter of the Hon. Edward and Lady Maud Ryder, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week.—Mme. Teihiro Toyoda is the wife of Captain Teihiro Toyoda, Japanese Naval Attaché. Her garden party at Invermay, Wimbledon, was a brilliant gathering.

Photographs by L.N.A., C.N., and G.P.U.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

SO the last week of the London season has really come, and we have all survived our activities of May, June and July. I must say, it is a genuine achievement to have "stayed the course," without needing a rest cure at the end of it! There may be people, of course, who are contemplating a rustic retirement for August, but most of us are thinking of Goodwood

to me afterwards, "I feel I have missed the romance of my life. 'Introduced by a ball of knitting wool,' would have been a splendid opening to an end-of-season flirtation—but as I was not alone he could only hand over the wool and walk away."

But to return to the last gaieties of the season. Lady Pembroke's dance at the beginning of last week was a delightful one. She was doubly honoured, as the Prince of Wales came to her dinner and remained for the ball, and the Queen of Spain came to dance. Her Majesty, who is in great good looks, wore blue, with a great display of diamonds, which included a diamond tiara, and I noticed that as she left she put on a most lovely cloak of red, lined with silver tissue. People so often imagine that red is a colour for brunettes only, but the Queen of Spain is wise enough to know that it is extremely becoming to a blonde.

Both the hostess and her daughter wore white—and, by what might sound like a reversal of the usual order of things, Lady Pembroke's dress was of georgette, embroidered in silver, while Lady Patricia Herbert was in solid satin heavily embroidered in pearls and crystals.

The dance was what we have learnt nowadays to call a small one—as the guests numbered some three hundred. There were forty-five at the dinner which preceded it, and the tables looked perfectly charming decorated

with yellow carnations, while the flowers in the ball-room were Harrisii lilies, pink gladioli, and delphiniums. White and silver and white and gold were very much worn that night, as Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Crewe, and the Duchess of Portland were all wearers of the former combination, and Lady Patricia Ramsay was one of those clad in white and gold. There were plenty of ostrich-bedecked gowns to be seen, including those worn by the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Stanley (very pretty in pink), Lady Carlisle, and Mrs. de Trafford. Gold lace has been a great favourite for evening dresses throughout the season, and Lady Mary Thynne was very attractively dressed in a golden gown. Beads have not quite fallen from favour, either, and Lady Blandford was looking very slim and elegant in her favourite opalescent sequin frock, while Lady Linlithgow was in a blue beaded model; and the hordes of pretty women included Lady Curzon of Kedleston in one of the white dresses which suit her so well, and Princess Arthur of Connaught, also in white.

Those who were lucky enough to be invited to Lady Ludlow's musical party enjoyed a real treat, for not only did Chaliapin sing, but the divine Suggia delighted us with her 'cello—something like a party, wasn't it? The hostess, in white embroidered in black and wearing a diamond bandeau backed with little black ospreys and her unusual Cartier necklace of diamonds mingled with onyx, received in the oval room at the top of the stairs, and the concert took place in the salon, whose walls are covered in dull Rose du Barri brocade, against which the beautiful paintings show up admirably.

The Duchess of Rutland sat in the front row, with Lady Crosfield not far away; and

near by were Lady Bingham, in pale green embroidered with beads; the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme; Lady Miller, whose coronet-shaped diamond-and-pearl comb was most becomingly posed in her hair; and Lady Birkenhead, with a somewhat Egyptian headband which carried out the blue-green tones of her frock. Lady Zia Wernher, in bright green with the inevitable ostrich trimming, was there, of course, with Major Wernher, Lady Ludlow's son; and so was Sister Agnes.

Lady Cunard made a fleeting appearance, dressed in white and gold, and wore her emerald tiara arranged over her left shoulder for a change. What fun we all have, by the way, with the contents of our jewel-boxes these days! We wrap our pearls round our arms, adorn our hats with jewellery, and ring the changes with our various adornments with entertaining ingenuity.

But to return to the guests at Lady Ludlow's. There were a number of green dresses—how cool and pretty they look on a hot night! Lady Howe's was of green and silver lamé, and Lady Wavertree's was a most wonderful shade—the brightest frock in the room, I believe. Lady de Trafford had followed the scarf fashion that night, and had a most substantial-looking wrap of silver tissue as an addition to her gown.

The number of men at the concert was rather remarkable, for, as a rule, at evening parties of the kind the feminine element predominates, but on this occasion there were plenty of black coats about, and the well-

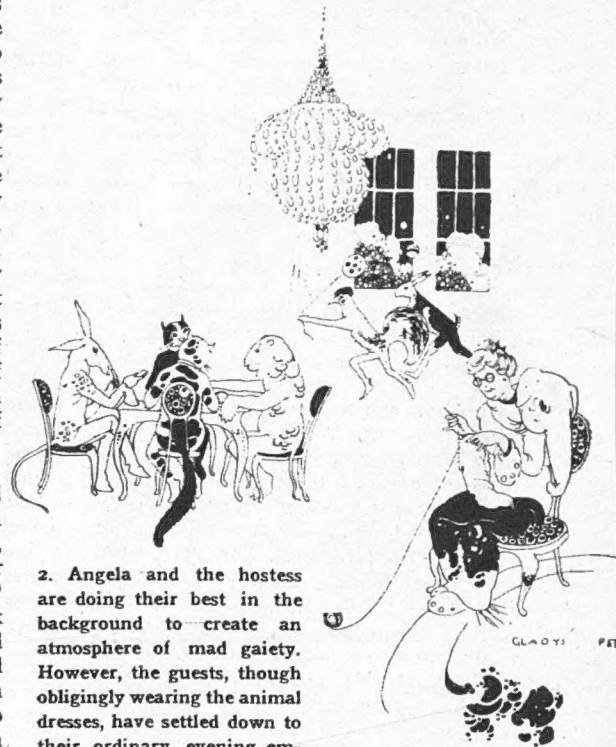
1. Angela is very busy at present pursuing her new occupation of Brightening House Parties. She has just arrived at a new "situation," and has explained to the guests that this is to be an "animal" evening. Everyone is to wear an animal skin. Angela says it will be great fun. Most of the guests are disappearing to their rooms. They have so many letters to write.

and Cowes, and then preparing to go North for the Glorious Twelfth. Whatever you may think about the climate in North Britain, you can't get away from the fact that there is a compelling charm about a Scottish shooting lodge, and that the primitive admiration which even modern woman is constrained to feel for man when he dons his tweeds and shoots the driven grouse well and truly is quite a pleasurable sensation!

The delights of moor and mountain, and the thrills of days on "the hill" are, however, preceded for Londoners by the heating business of trying on tweeds on the stuffiest of July days—rather an exhausting operation in the grilling temperature which we enjoyed last week. And, talking of Scottish preparations, one of my friends who possesses the startlingly domestic accomplishment of knitting quite accidentally evolved a novel method of "catching" a young man last week. The nearness of the Twelfth had induced her to embark on the knitting of a superb pair of shooting stockings for her brother—or, possibly, a favourite young man—and when walking through the stately spaces of Belgrave Square, she dropped her ball, and, deep in conversation with a feminine friend, passed on, heedless of the yards of wool trailing behind her. It was a warm evening, but who says that gallantry is dead in town?—for a chic and exquisite young man ran lightly after her, rolling wool industriously as he went, and pressed the ball into her hand. "My dear," she confided

2. Angela and the hostess are doing their best in the background to create an atmosphere of mad gaiety. However, the guests, though obligingly wearing the animal dresses, have settled down to their ordinary evening employments.

known men-folk included Lord Nunburnholme, Mr. Francis Curzon, Sir Sidney Greville, and Lord Cecil Manners.



One of the most delightful festivities of the recent week was Lady Glentanar's dance for her grandchildren, William Hood Walrond and Cadet Humphrey Walrond. It was ostensibly for these young men; but, of course, Lord Glentanar himself is also fond of dancing. A dinner party of forty-five, with an extra couple added to it at the very last moment, preceeded the dance, and went off splendidly, although the dining-room at 11, Hill Street is only intended to hold forty.



3. The next day Angela arranged a humorous tennis tournament. One has to play with air-balloons and frying-pans. The guests all hate the idea, though Angela and the hostess are playing gaily.

The tables were decorated with blue delphiniums and those orange azalea-like flowers whose name escapes me for the moment; while the Louis XV. ball-room, which was built by the Duke of Newcastle when he had the house, and still shows the ducal strawberry crown over the gallery, was bright with crimson rambblers.

No one can have a ball now without an extra amusement as well as dancing, and Lady Glentanar provided an amusing interlude by numbers from Gwen Farrar and Nora Blaney. Princess Andrew of Russia—surely the most socially energetic of all royalties—and her two daughters were among the guests.

The company, by the way, was very Scottish in character, and the Duchess of Atholl, Lord Younger, Lord and Lady Minto, and Lord and Lady Sempill were just a few of those I noticed. The Ruthven twins—who are known as A. and P., *tout court*—were both in red, a colour which was also favoured by Lady Minto and Miss Marjorie Pole-Carew.

Those who like crushes must have enjoyed the Liberal rally at Wimborne House. I hardly knew that there were so many Liberals alive, but they made an impressive assembly. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith stood next to Lady Wimborne, who looked very handsome in gold tissue embroidered in diamanté, and with her magnificent ruby-and-diamond tiara and massive necklace to match. I observed that "Margot" could not resist a cigarette after shaking hands with people for nearly an hour, though I did not see anyone else follow her example.

There have been plenty of weddings to go to as a finish for the season, and at least one of them was a well-kept secret, for though the Dowager Lady St. Germans was at the Stirling-Cavendish wedding, talking to many

intimate friends, she never breathed a word about the marriage to take place next morning between her daughter-in-law, Blanche Lady St. Germans and Captain Scott Douglas. At the club, too, where the wedding lunch was ordered, no mention was made of the occasion until after the party, so it was only an intimate family gathering which assembled at the Ladies' Automobile Club to drink the health of bride and groom before they left for Lackington, Lady St. Germans' house in the country.

The Duke of Devonshire's grand-daughters, Miss Arbell Mackintosh and Miss Pamela Cobbold, have had a busy week for such very young ladies, for they have twice officiated at big weddings—being bridesmaids to Miss Cavendish at her marriage to Captain Stirling, and again to Miss Katharine Ryder, who married Captain Reginald Coke, D.S.O., on Thursday.

The bride, by the way, was extra-nervous about her part in the ceremony, and so went with her mother, Lady Katharine Ryder, to have a little private rehearsal the day before—an excellent and practical idea for a big wedding with a long procession of child attendants to be marshalled.

The cortège at this wedding was a specially pretty one, the tiny bridesmaids in white and silver looking really fairy-like with the glittering butterflies poised on one shoulder.

And with all our gaieties by day and by night, we seem incapable of taking a moment "off." One can't, for instance, walk into the Berkeley for lunch or dinner without finding it crowded and overflowing with tables in the foyer. On one of our hottest evenings I saw the Duchess of Westminster among the dancers there—looking delightfully cool in white. Mrs. Cecil Fane was another wearer of white that night, and had the inevitable mauve orchid on her shoulder—by the way, have all these wearers of Cattlya orchids read their Proust, I wonder?

The tropical evenings have not put us off swathing our necks in scarves, for the other evening at Claridge's I saw Mrs. Roscoe Brunner with a sheaf of silver tulle wrapped round her shoulders—an effective finish to a silver lace frock, but surely a contradiction to the touching belief that our fashions are growing *si pratique* and sensible now that we have shingled our hair and use no more hairpins.

We don't seem to be tired of dancing in town, but it was a delightful change for Londoners to be able to motor down to Lady Juliet Trevor's country home, Coombe Court, Kingston Hill, on Wednesday last, when she had a few friends at dinner, and an additional number to dance afterwards.

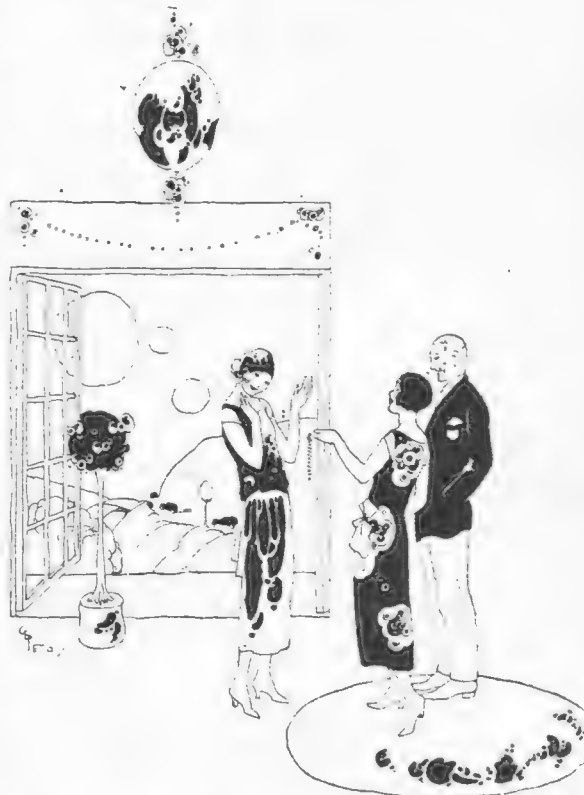
Lady Louis Mountbatten, who had been previously staying with her aunt, Mrs. Cassel, at Branksome, took a few friends down to Coombe Court, and the guests thoroughly enjoyed being able to take the air, between dancing, in the charming gardens, heavy with the scent of flowers.

On the same evening in town, Mrs. O'Hea was a hostess, and gave a small dance for her daughter, Miss Joyous Markham and Mr. Mansfield Markham. Mrs. O'Hea and her husband had some ten intimate friends

to dine first at Claridge's, and parties were brought by Lady Rothés, Lady Evelyn Graham, Mrs. Henry McLaren, and Mrs. Buchanan Jardine, among others. The hostess and her daughter were both in white—this is becoming quite a fashion nowadays—and both looked well.

Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary Byng were among those who dined with their great friend, Miss Markham; and the dancers included Mrs. Roland Cubitt, Lady Moira Combe, Lord Inverclyde (who is not confining his Cowes Week yachting party to bachelors this year), and Miss Cynthia Noble, who is one of the best-dressed of this season's débutantes.

There are few who can equal the Hon. Mrs. Greville as a hostess, and she has been keeping up her *renommée* in every way this season. Twice the Queen of Spain has been her guest of late. The other day Queen Victoria Eugénie lunched at 16, Charles Street, when her Majesty wore a white frock and a white hat; and the Duchess of York, who, with the Duke, was also present, had on one of those picturesque hats which suit her so well, this one being a pink one trimmed with pink roses, and the accompanying dress of beige. Princess Beatrice, in blue, was also a lunch guest, others at table, decorated with pink roses, being the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, Sir Robert Horne, and the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val, among others. Previous to this, the Queen of Spain dined at Polesden Lacey one evening, going down by motor, when the house-party included Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the Earl and Countess of Ilchester, the Earl of Granard, Lord Blanesburgh, Mrs. James, and half-a-dozen more. After dinner there was a variety entertainment at which Billy Leonard, and Nora Blaney and Gwen Farrar appeared, as well as "Reela," a comic juggler, and Will Fyfe, who is a Scotch comedian—this last doubly appreciated owing to Mrs. Greville's fidelity to her associations with "across the Border." MARIEGOLD.



4. That evening the hostess gave Angela a pearl necklace of the most convincing value. All the guests have been recalled to town by urgent telegrams (sent by themselves), though they had all arrived two days before for "really nice long visits."

Society Treasure Hunts: The Trail and the Chase.

By OLIVIA WYNNDHAM.



ONE OF THE SOCIETY WHICH GOES TREASURE-HUNTING: MISS VIOLA TREE (MRS. ALAN PARSONS).

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

EVERY attempt to keep the last Treasure Hunt of the season out of the papers failed completely. The idea of avoiding publicity was a losing fight from the start; but now that it is all over honour is satisfied, and I can add my say in the matter.

I have long wanted to argue with the gentleman who wrote to the paper saying, "Does not the Society of Bright Young People realise that the whole of life is a treasure hunt, etc.," or words to that effect. In fact, I am afraid he was trying to infer that we were wasting our time, energy, and brains, and were not good citizens.

To begin with, who dared to say that we called ourselves "The Society of Bright Young People"? Naturally, we like to think that we are of average intelligence, but we also fondly hope that we have an average sense of humour. As one of the original Treasure Hunters, I can vouch that not one of us is capable of coining such a ridiculous phrase.

The Educational Value of the Game.

As to the question of whether it is a waste of time and energy, that is rather a subtle point. It does seem a pity that such "gay young sparks" should not be pressed into the service of the State; but as the State, in most cases, seems so disinclined to make use of them, they might as well sharpen their wits while amusing themselves. Neither brains nor energy can be put in cold storage, and only produced on an occasion that is considered really worthy, quite apart from the fact that it is an extremely pompous outlook on life to pretend that an exquisite game is an unworthy occupation.

The more I think of it, the more I see in its favour from the "useful citizen" point of view. It is so educational. Not, perhaps, educational in a way that will help you in business; but that is also said of the Public Schools, and they are an honourable institution!

If it had not been for Treasure Hunting, I should never have known that after 2 a.m. the sentries outside Buckingham Palace are allowed to wear caps. Not exactly boudoir caps, but something considerably more comfortable than a bearskin. Neither should I have met Walter Oxley, the lion of the pavement artists' world, who does all the pictures that are exhibited on boards, and lets them out in turn. That marking-ink on tape will bake nicely in a cake, whereas pen, pencil, or paint would run, is an obscure piece of cookery knowledge that only a Treasure Hunt could have revealed to the ordinary person. Also the intelligence and sweetness of every type of Londoner is a delight to have discovered. They do not despise a game, and welcome you with open arms as soon as they realise that you are not trying to sell them something, or advertise them in any way. Some do not even need an explanation. A certain cobbler in a mews was approached on the matter, and his only comment as soon as he heard the words "Treasure Hunt" was "Oh, yes; what a good place for a clue!"

A Typical Trail.

I do not know which is the greater fun—laying a trail or following one. When laying one, it is very hard to judge how difficult or easy your clues are going to appear

to others, who do not know your process of thought. All codes must be such as can be deciphered with a little thought and common-sense by anyone, and when inventing them you must mentally see the line of thought by which Treasure Hunters must travel to be able to decipher them.

For instance, in the following code you will see twenty-five squares, and mention of a twenty-sixth. As ciphers are generally based on numbers or letters, the mention of twenty-six indicates the alphabet. Having got that, the next step is to fill up the squares with the alphabet, from left to right, omitting "z," the twenty-sixth. The letters below must be the key, the capital letter corresponding with the capital letter on the left of the diagram, and the small letter with the small letter on the top. You draw a line along from the capital letter, and downwards from the small letter, and where the lines cross, you get one of the letters necessary for spelling the word you want. The numbers below are the numbers of the house and floor.

	l	i	n	e	s
L					
I			H		
N					
E					
S					

NOTE: The 26th is unnecessary.

"In, Ls, En, Es, Il, Ns, En,

Le, Ee, Es, In, Ls, Ls, Es.

In front of which put 9(II)

If the Master is not at home, he will tell you where to go."



THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON TREASURE HUNTING: MISS OLIVIA WYNNDHAM.

Miss Olivia Wyndham, the author of the article which appears on this page, is the daughter of Colonel Guy Percy Wyndham, C.B., M.V.O.



A KEEN TREASURE-HUNTER: THE HON. LOIS STURT, SISTER OF LORD ALINGTON.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park.

A Clue by Detectophone.

By this means you get the address where you will find the next clue, and a slight hint as to its nature. The couples were shown into a room singly and in order of their arrival, and there they had to look about and see what they could find. Hidden in the room was a detectophone, with one of the trail-layers in a room some way off, monotonously reciting ninety times without a pause, so that all the hunters had a chance of hearing it: "I notice that you are patrons of art; do not neglect the less academic school at Palmers Street." At Palmers Street they found a picture on the pavement of St. George and the dragon, the rod of Æsculapius, and the portrait of a well-known figure near St. George's Hospital. There they were given the following clue.

Reference A.B.C.

Page 37. Leave London at 9.

Page 452. Leave London at 9.10.

At the confluence in London of these two destinations, bite a little happy bun.

Having found and bitten a "happy bun," their next destination was discovered written on a piece of tape cooked inside it. Here they found the last clue but one.

The dictionary definition of a number of words has been given. Take the first letter.

1. The term used to denote the 16 ancient Greek or Ionic characters as they were first brought from Phœnicia.
2. Chanting choirs of cathedrals.
3. Two united, growing in pairs or twins.
4. In astronomy rising or eastern.
5. The scale of musical notes.
6. A cabalistic word formerly used as a charm.
7. A register of deaths.
8. Literary theft.
9. The fifth sign of the Zodiac.
10. Contrast opposition of opinions.
11. Swelling on the exterior surface of a spherical form.
12. To root out, to destroy totally.

"A L"

This spells Cadogan Place, at the garden gate of which they were handed the last clue—

I stand among ye summer flowers
And tell ye passing of ye hours.
When winter steals ye flowers away
I tell ye passing of ye day—

indicating the sundial, where the treasure was hidden.

This is representative of all afternoon Treasure Hunts. The night ones have simpler clues, but cover longer distances, and are really more fun.

A Bisley Business in Bull's-Eyes!



THE DEAR OLD LADY: Now, look here, Mr. Secretary; why is it that our inspectors have not been sent to a place called Bisley? My nephew tells me that thousands of bulls were shot in the eye there recently.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

The "Big Six" at the "Great Good-Bye" Ball.



THE BIG SIX GROUP: (AT BACK, L. TO R.) "EVE" GIRLS; "TATLER" BOY; THE "SPORTING AND DRAMATIC" JOCKEYS; (SECOND ROW) "SKETCH" GIRL; (IN FRONT) HERALDS; THE COMIC "EVE" AND BONZO; THE "SPHERE" GIRLS; AND (CENTRE) THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BRITANNIA.



"THE SKETCH" GIRL COMES TO LIFE AT THE EPILOGUE BALL:
OUR GROUP IN THE PROCESSION.



BONZO GOES TO THE BALL:
THE STUDDY DOG AT THE
OLYMPIA DANCE HALL.

As our readers will see, the "Big Six" of the weekly illustrated papers were beautifully represented at the Epilogue Ball, the good-bye to the International Advertising Convention. "The Sketch" Girl came to life, and marched in procession with the "Tatler" Boy, and the "Eve"

Girls, and "Sphere" Ladies, while Britannia represented the "Illustrated London News," and some jolly jockeys stood for the "Sporting and Dramatic." Bonzo, naturally, was present, and was full of his usual capers.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY VANDYK.

The Lovely Bride of To-Day.

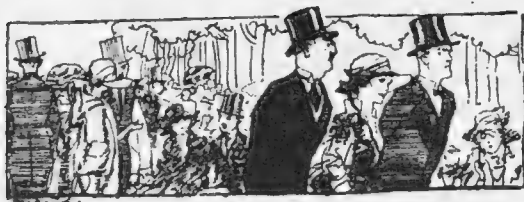


TO MARRY MR. FILMER-SANKEY TO-DAY, JULY 23: LADY URSULA GROSVENOR.

The marriage of Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the lovely elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster, and of Constance Duchess of Westminster, to Mr. Filmer-Sankey, 1st Life Guards, is fixed to take place to-day, July 23, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens. Lady Ursula is to be attended

by her sister, Lady Mary Grosvenor, Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, her cousin, and the two daughters of Lady Arthur Grosvenor, and will be followed by two little train-bearers, the children of Mrs. Cotton. After the ceremony a reception is being held at Grosvenor House.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

Not So Much Credit.

This year of 1924 seems further to have marked the decline of the long-credit system among the West-End tradesmen. The quarterly account, with a five per cent. and in some cases a ten per cent. discount, is the most practised system; and there are some tailors and bootmakers who admit to having done very well since they instituted a sliding scale of discount, allowing fifteen per cent. off for payment when the order is given, down to five per cent. if the account is settled within three months.

The undoubted success of the big stores that have aimed at speeding up the turnover of stock in the course of a year's trading has had its effect on the smaller West-End businesses. "The client who wants more than six months in which to settle is a clog on business in these days," a Bond Street hosier told me.

Going to the Levée.

There are, however, still customers of the old-fashioned bent of mind who never expect to pay their bills until pressure of a persistent kind has been exerted. I heard of one military man who for six years and more had ignored all demands from his tailor—and the bill was no small one. The tailor found out that he was due to attend the last Levée, and an emissary contrived to see him just before he set out for Buckingham Palace. The military man fumed and raged in the good old way, but promised to see the tailor himself after the Levée. That talk was on business lines, and an agreement to pay in instalments was made. The military man, a senior officer, said that, like many men he knew who were comfortably off before the war, he found it in these days a difficult matter to lay hands on a lump sum of £20, let alone £100; and he had never got out of the habit of putting aside tailors' bills.

From what I am told, there are certain men, always well dressed, whose method is to order £30 or £40 worth of clothes, paying £10 on account. This process they repeat with other tailors, until they become known. And their system of putting off payment cannot but become known, because there is a Mutual Information service instituted for the protection and benefit of West-End tradesmen. In the long run it is the lawyers who benefit.

Miss Astor's Engagement.

Prince Obolensky (whose engagement to Miss Alice Astor, the daughter of the present Lady Ribblesdale and possessor of a fortune amounting to something like

£2,000,000, has been one of the season's interesting announcements) took his fiancée to the dinner party given by the Duke and Duchess of York at Chesterfield House on the night of the Heart of the Empire Ball at the Albert Hall. Miss Astor was in red—a colour that went well with her coils of dark hair. The Prince is thoroughly popular, particularly among men of his own age, in London Society.

The First Hat.

The late Mrs. E. M. Ward, the veteran artist who has just died, used to say that she was the first woman in England to wear a hat. That was in the 'fifties. Up till then bonnets were universal—bonnets and side curls.

One day she and her husband, the R.A., were in Paris, and he noticed a black velvet hat with a feather. He persuaded his wife to buy that hat, and he painted her in it.

The New Star and Garter.

The old Star and Garter Hotel on Richmond Hill, the scene of so much festivity in the 'sixties and 'seventies, before the tide of fashion turned towards Maidenhead and Taplow, is now a memory. Instead, a noble building of red brick and Portland stone, designed by Sir Edwin Cooper, occupies the site—the Star and Garter Home for Disabled Sailors and Soldiers; and at a memorable ceremony attended by the King and Queen her Majesty handed over the deeds of the building, as the Women's Memorial of the War, to Lord Grenfell, the President of the Home. It was an occasion befitting one of the most notable and successful appeals made because of the war.

A handsome and interesting illustrated booklet describing the new home was prepared in celebration of the completion of the building. The illustrations are particularly good. But it seemed strange to observe a whole page of names of contractors and sub-contractors for the building; while there was only a mention in general terms of the body of ladies, members of the Committee of the British Women's Hospital, who raised over £200,000 for building and equipping the home. I remember that as long ago as November 1914 the Queen received the ladies of this committee—they included Lady Forbes Robertson, Miss May Whitty, Lady Cowdray, Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Compton, Miss Eva Moore, and Lady Wyndham—and £150,000 was handed over to her Majesty towards the Star and Garter Home. The efforts of the women's committee made the establishment of the home possible, and it seems a pity that the official booklet did not accord them fuller recognition.

"Concrete" Williams.

Sir E. O. Williams, knighted for his work in the building of the Wembley Exhibition, tells a story—a trade story. It is about concrete, with which he worked wonders in building the Stadium.

A contractor of his acquaintance was putting the finishing touches to a concrete path that he was laying down at his house. A small boy aged six, who had been watching the work with interest, thought the time had come to test the new path; he started to cross it before the mixture was dry. Whereat the contractor let fall words that certainly did not show pleasure. "Why, Fred," remarked a friend who overheard him, "I thought you liked children." "I like 'em all right in the abstract," was the reply, "but not in the concrete."



OUT OF THE LONDON COLISEUM ON HORSEBACK: MISS RUTH ROACH, OF THE RODEO, LEAVES THE THEATRE AFTER THE MINIATURE STAGE RODEO.

The miniature version of the much-discussed Rodeo which is now being given at the London Coliseum with success includes steer-wrestling, broncho-riding, and a display of fancy roping, and is extraordinarily well arranged. The fact that a close-up view of the fancy roping is possible makes this specially interesting as a theatrical entertainment, and the displays of steer-riding and broncho-riding are very well arranged, considering the small space available. Our photograph shows Miss Ruth Roach making a sensational departure from the London Coliseum on horseback after the performance.

The picture was shown at the Academy. Every woman looked at the hat, and a new fashion set in.

It was only a month ago that Mrs. Ward gave a party at her small house in Chelsea to celebrate her ninety-second birthday. She had many interesting memories of artistic and social London during the Victorian era. She had several sittings from Queen Victoria; she counted Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, and Gounod among her friends. She was the mother of the late Sir Leslie Ward ("Spy"). She came of a long-lived stock. Her father died at eighty-four, a grandfather at eighty-two, and a great-grandfather at ninety-nine.

PLEASE NOTE that you have only One more Week in which to send in for "The Sketch" £2000 Competition. See Pages 2 and 3 of Cover, and Page xx.

From Stadium to Stage: The Coliseum's Own Little Rodeo.



THE TABLOID RODEO ON THE WIRE-FENCED STAGE OF THE LONDON COLISEUM: TOMMY KIRNAN, CHARLES ALDRICH, GORDON JONES, RUTH ROACH, RUBE ROBERTS, AND BEA KIRNAN (L. TO R.).



STEER-WRESTLING AS A STAGE TURN: NOWATER SLIM, A PRIZE-WINNER FROM WEMBLEY, IN PURSUIT OF A STEER.

The transformation of the huge revolving stage at the London Coliseum into a miniature prairie for the presentation of Rodeo thrills in "tabloid" form is a clever piece of work, and the bronk-riding, steer-wrestling, and fancy rope-throwing are all being given successfully. The stage is covered with green matting which resembles grass, and makes a safe footing for the bronks and steers; and the prairie scenery is so realistic that it

is said to have deceived one steer anxious to get home to the open country! In the steer-wrestling it was, of course, difficult for the cowboy to get up much pace, but the performance was very cleverly done; and for the safety of the audience a wire fence was erected in front of the stage. The miniature Rodeo is having a month's run as a stage turn.—[Photograph by the "Times."]

A Wedding and Three Important Brides-to-Be.



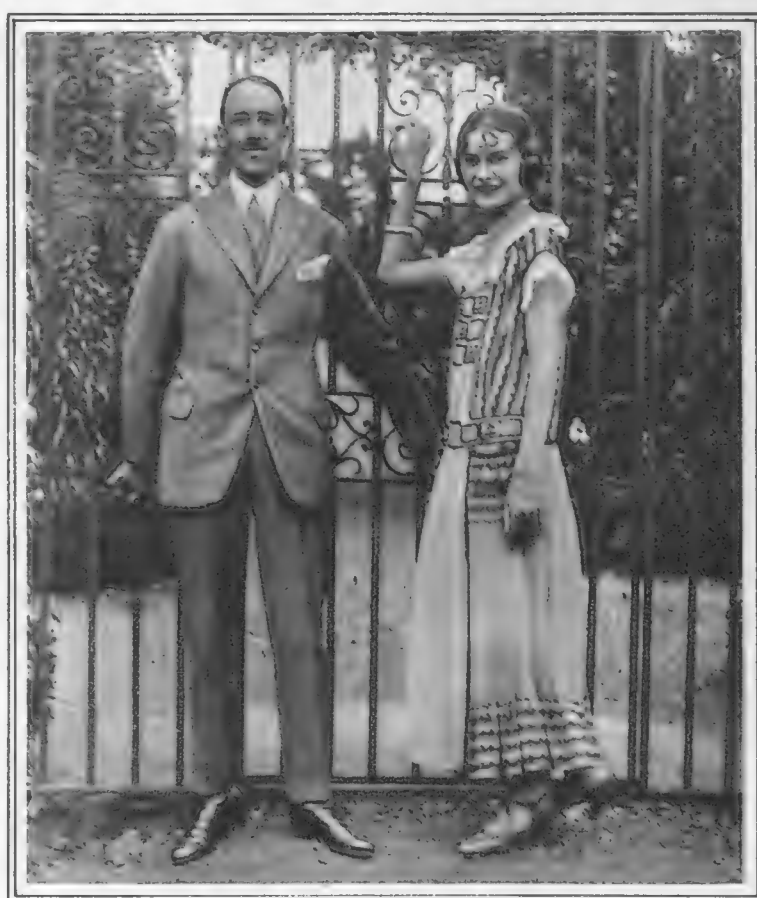
THE MARRIAGE OF THE COUNTESS OF ST. GERMANS AND CAPTAIN G. V. F. SCOTT DOUGLAS: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY.



ENGAGED TO SIR COLERIDGE KENNARD: MISS MARY GRAHAM ORR-LEWIS.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. E. CRICHTON-MAITLAND, D.S.O., GRENADIER GUARDS: MISS PATIENCE FULLER.



THE EARL OF GALLOWAY AND HIS FIANCEE, MISS PHILIPPA WENDELL: A SNAPSHOT FROM SANDRIDGEBURY.

The marriage of Lady St. Germans, elder daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and widow of the late Earl of St. Germans, to Captain G. V. F. Scott Douglas took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.—Miss Mary Graham Orr-Lewis is the daughter of the late Sir Frederick Graham Orr-Lewis, of Montreal, and of Lady Orr-Lewis.—Miss Patience Fuller

is the daughter of the late Sir John Fuller, Bart., and of Mrs. R. Forestier-Walker.—Lord Galloway and his fiancée, Miss Philippa Wendell, are shown at Sandridgebury, St. Albans, the residence of Mrs. Wendell. A portrait of Miss Philippa Wendell by Leo Klin will be found on another page of this issue

Dog Studies and Dog Verses: No. III.



[Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.

I KNOW there's something wrong. Why won't they say
 What is the matter? Only yesterday
 I crept upstairs to see. She lay in bed;
 She didn't speak to me, just stroked my head.
 They wouldn't let me stop; I had to go
 Out of the room at once. I want to know.
 . . . Yes, everyone is very kind to me. . . .
 Why do they say "Poor chap"? To-day at
 tea

I couldn't touch my sugar. What's the good
 Of sugar, when . . . I wish they understood.
 There's something wrong. The house seems very
 dark. . . .
 Old David wants to take me in the park,
 But I don't want to go. I'll wait until
 I hear her saying, "Ready now, dear Bill."
 . . . Supposing . . . something . . . Why don't they
 explain?
 . . . I'll wait a bit, then steal upstairs again.

JOE WALKER.

A Trio of Weddings and Our Latest Royal Visitors.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE: CAPTAIN J. ERSKINE STIRLING, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS EVELYN CAVENDISH.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT THE WEST LONDON SYNAGOGUE: MR. LEONARD N. GOLDSMID-MONTEFIORE, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MURIEL JEANNETTA TUCK.



A PAGE AT THE CAVENDISH-STIRLING WEDDING: THE LITTLE EARL OF BURLINGTON AND HIS MOTHER, THE MARCHIONESS OF HARTINGTON.

Captain James Erskine Stirling, Seaforth Highlanders, is the third son of the late Major Stirling, of Fairburn, and of Mrs. Stirling, of Culloden, Inverness. His bride, Miss Evelyn Cavendish, is the daughter of Captain Henry Cavendish, R.N., and of the late Lady Harriet Cavendish. She was given away by her father, and attended by two pages—the



OUTSIDE KENSINGTON PALACE: H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND HER DAUGHTERS, THE INFANTAS BEATRICE AND CRISTINA.

Earl of Burlington and Lord Andrew Cavendish, the children of Lord and Lady Hartington; and her train was carried by Andrew Macmillan.—The marriage of Mr. Leonard N. Goldsmid-Montefiore, son of Mr. Claude J. Goldsmid-Montefiore, to Miss M. J. Tuck, daughter of Sir Adolph and Lady Tuck, took place at the West London Synagogue.

Photographs by C.N., T.P.A., and L.N.A.

A Lady of Lovely Hands: Engaged to a Baronet's Heir.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN W. D. CHAMPNEYS: MISS ALWYN (NANCY) PRATT.



TO MARRY MISS NANCY PRATT: CAPTAIN WELDON DALRYMPLE CHAMPNEYS.

The engagement of Captain Weldon Dalrymple Champneys, late Grenadier Guards, only surviving son of Sir Francis Champneys, Bt., and of the late Lady Champneys, of Nutley, Sussex, to Miss Alwyn (Nancy) Pratt, only daughter of Colonel Spencer Pratt, C.B., C.M.G., and Mrs. Spencer Pratt, of Broom Hall, Kent, has been announced, and the marriage is to take place early in August. Miss Pratt is noted for the beauty of her hands, and a photograph of them appears on our page.—[Photographs by Speaight.]



NOTED FOR THEIR BEAUTY: THE HANDS OF MISS NANCY PRATT



THE OLD FLAME.

By A. P. HERBERT.

Author of "The Man About Town," "The House by the River," "The Secret Bottle," etc.

V.—A QUIET SUNDAY MORNING.

PHYLLIS rang me up in bed. It was Sunday morning, early—well, early for Sunday morning. That is to say, I had begun my second sausage and poured out my second cup of tea, and the bells for Matins were not yet audible; also I had read through the first four columns of Mr. Garvin, and had decided not to go to church after all; for, if Mr. Garvin is in form, enough is as good as a priest.

I was also thinking, in between the lines, in a maudlin sort of way, of my wife and home; for, with the best sausages in the world, and Mr. Garvin at the top of his form, a club bedroom on a Sunday morning is not exhilarating. I had even indulged in a few sad sentimental thoughts about my garden; I had even wondered if my dear wife Angela was doing the same. It is part of our agreement that such thoughts be instantly suppressed; for they are the beginning of the end. On the first occasion that we agreed to separate judiciously for a month, these thoughts occurred to both of us at the end of the first week; recklessly we both returned home and were reunited, quarrelled violently the following day, and had to separate again. To-day the statutory month had still some time to run; I suppressed my thoughts and murmured a line or two to Liberty and Independence.

It was therefore definitely agreeable to hear Phyllis Fair's voice. Phyllis is one of those rare creatures the charm of whose voice invariably survives the telephone. I know many a sweet, distinguished voice; but the National Telephone Company reduces nearly all of them to the deadly level of a loud-speaker. Phyllis alone is defiantly Phyllis, and no other. Nor is she one of those bright-voiced, gay telephone-talkers. The voice is never raised. But far away there is a soft and vital murmur, electric, comforting, and thrilling all at once, like a violet ray. I don't know how she does it. She says herself the secret is to be found on page 1 of the "Directions": "Place the lips as close as possible to the transmitter mouthpiece." But I do not think it is as simple as that.

"Good-morning, John," said Phyllis. "Are you doing anything this morning?"

"I have still a column of Mr. Garvin to read," I said. "For the rest, my day is free. I could call quite soon."

"Don't be so hasty," said Phyllis. "I'm having my portrait painted. At Mary Banbury's. And I thought perhaps you'd care to come and watch."

"That depends. Am I to watch the painting or the painted?"

"The painters, John. There are three of them. All ladies, Mr. Moon. And they will talk scandal all the time. So I want you to be there."

"Thank you very much. But I should hate to be a kill-joy. Why shouldn't they talk scandal?"

"Why should they, Mr. Moon?"

"Perhaps it's the only thing they know."

"I don't want them to talk at all," said Phyllis. "They don't get on with it. And it doesn't suit the picture."

"I don't follow."

"How very dense of you. The picture's to be called 'Miss Innocence,' Mr. Moon. . . . What did you say, Mr. Moon?"

"I was clearing my throat," I said. "I see. And if they talk scandal, it makes you look scandalous?"

"They make me look scandalous," corrected Phyllis.

"It's the same thing," I said.

"It isn't at all. Perhaps, after all, you'd better not come, Mr. Moon."

"I'll be round in half-an-hour," I said. "By the way, why are you having three portraits done?"

"It's a competition. The one that wins is to be sent in for the 'Beauty Toilet Soap Poster Competition.' The second best is to be offered to the *Green Magazine* for a cover. The other will be sent to the Royal Academy. I'm to be the judge."

"I shall be the judge," I said. "For I am, perhaps, the best living authority. Good-bye."

A few minutes later Mrs. Banbury rang up. Mrs. Banbury is the kind of woman who generally contrives to ring up a gentleman when the whole of his face and much of his hands are thickly covered with shaving soap. To-day she hit it off to a second.

I seized—and soaped—the receiver.

"Yes?" I said, soaping slightly the transmitter mouthpiece.

A wild, bright, energetic voice assaulted me, not pausing for breath. "That Mr. Moon? Mary Banbury speaking. Look here; you doing anything this morning? Lettice Trout, Jean Renton, and I are painting Phyllis Fair. Why don't you come along and have a quiet morning in the studio?"

"Why should I?" I asked, with a suggestion of reluctance.

"Well, the fact is, we don't seem to be getting on. You see, she *will* talk the whole time—"

"Extraordinary," I murmured, smiling through my soap. "What does she talk about?"

"Scandal, chiefly. And, of course, that makes the rest of us talk. And we don't get on."

"But, surely, if you didn't talk, *she* wouldn't talk. From what I know of Miss Fair, she'd hate talking to herself."

"I know," said Mrs. Banbury, with a certain inconsistency. "We've tried that. But if nobody talks her face goes all-dead, and she generally goes to sleep. What I thought was that if you were there you might be able to keep her interested without making her talk, d'you see?"

"What made you think that, Mrs. Banbury?" I asked, wondering.

"I dunno," said Mrs. Banbury.

"Am I to juggle?" I said; "or do card-tricks—or what?"

"Oh, no—just talk. But in a general sort of way. Do come. Besides," she added, a little grimly, "I want to have a talk with you, Mr. Moon."

"Not scandal, I hope?"

"I'm not so sure," was the dark reply.

"Well, well—I'll see if I can manage it," I said.

I washed down the telephone, and shaved reflectively. I am very much afraid that Mrs. Banbury does not extravagantly like me; and I, for one, don't blame her. But what amazes me is that she should not approve of me. For though I am fully as respectable as she (in many ways more so), I know that if she was ever assured of this

[Continued on page 177.]

This Week's Studdy.



A SUGGESTION TO WEMBLEY: WHY NOT AN ALL-BONZO PAGEANT?

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

The Latest American-Born Countess-to-Be.



ENGAGED TO THE EARL OF GALLOWAY: MISS PHILIPPA WENDELL—SISTER OF THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON.

Great interest was roused by the announcement of the latest Anglo-American betrothal—that of the Earl of Galloway to Miss Philippa Wendell, the sister of the Countess of Carnarvon. Miss Philippa Wendell, who is a recent débutante, is the younger daughter of the late Mr.

J. Wendell, of New York, and of Mrs. Wendell, of Sandridgebury, St. Albans. It will be remembered that the marriage of Mrs. Wendell's elder daughter to the Earl of Carnarvon—then Lord Porchester—took place in 1922. Lord Galloway is the twelfth Earl.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.

The Beautiful Bride of Yesterday.



THE WEDDING OF MISS MARY LATTA AND THE COMTE DE CRAMAYEL: THE BRIDE.

The marriage of Miss Mary Latta, younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Latta, and one of the most beautiful girls in Society, to Comte de Cramayel, only son of the Marquis and Marquise de Cramayel, of Paris, was fixed to take place yesterday, July 22, at St. James's, Spanish

Place, at twelve mid-day. The bridegroom is well known and very popular in London Society. It will be remembered that the marriage of Miss Mary Latta's elder sister, Miss Sybil Latta, to Major Philip Alexander Francis Spence took place last year.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.





ESTORS.

BY ALFRED LEETE.



"THE ECHO": A STUDY BY STAMPA.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



Friction—the Unseen Enemy of Power

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- (5) Direct waste of fuel.

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But even with this scientific and economical lubrication all used oil should be drawn off regularly and replaced with fresh oil. It will pay you to-day to begin to use the right oil—in the right way.

Authoritative advice on this subject is contained in our booklet "Correct Lubrication." Write for a post-free copy to-day.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD

"For Every Cloud Engenders Not a Storm."



A SUMMER GIRL OF THE U.S.A.: MISS MARGARET CLOUD—OF THE MACK SENNETT BATHING GIRLS.

Miss Margaret Cloud is one of the famous Mack Sennett Bathing Girls from the U.S.A., and is shown in a swimming-suit of the latest persuasion, belted with a gay fringed silk sash—a costume of the kind

which we should all like to wear, whether we happen to be by the sea or not, when the thermometer climbs up to the eighties, as it was doing last week in both town and country.—[*Photograph by G.P.A.*]

(Continued.)

she would be deeply disappointed. It is only the suspicion that I (and many other of our mutual friends) are not wholly respectable that keeps Mrs. Banbury alive. All night this earth of ours labours painfully round the sun, and at last the day breaks, a golden splendour, in the east, with no other purpose than to give Mrs. Banbury another opportunity to discuss those suspicions and hand them on to such (if any) as know not of them. Then why—? But there, of what use is reason in these affairs?

Poor Jack Banbury. A very docile fellow, All the same, I can't help liking Mrs. Banbury.

I found in her studio a model-throne, three business-like easels arranged *en échelon*, and four ladies on a divan, smoking cigarettes—and talking.

"Business as usual," I remarked brightly.

"Late, as usual," said Mrs. Banbury.

"Good-morning, Miss Fair," I said, and went on hastily and rashly. "You'll forgive this intrusion, I hope? Entirely Mary's fault."

Phyllis made a small face at me, and Mrs. Banbury said drily, "Intrusion? Phyllis says she asked you too."

"True," I said, floundering a little; "but it was *you* who persuaded me." And I glanced gallantly at Mrs. Banbury and deprecatingly at Phyllis—a very difficult thing to do. The first half of the operation was the more successful, I fancied.

"Come along," said Mrs. Banbury. "I'm dying to paint."

"So am I," said Jean Renton, with her own particular languor, not as if she was dying to do anything, but rather as if she would do anything to die.

There now took place a great deal of arrangement. Phyllis was arranged on the throne, and the artists severally arranged their easels and their chairs, and they all held up their fingers and squinted at Phyllis, and pushed their chairs back an inch or two, squinted again, and replaced the chairs. When all was ready Mrs. Banbury pulled down the blind and they began again. Then they pulled up the blind and rearranged Phyllis. I sat unobtrusively in the window behind the artists; and it so happened that if I chanced to turn my eyes towards the throne, and Phyllis chanced to turn her eyes towards the window, our eyes might quite conceivably meet.

"Now Mr. Moon's to do the talking," said Mrs. Banbury at last, "and nobody's to answer him—especially not the model."

"This indeed is a rare opportunity," I said.

"But you must talk about something *interesting*, y'know, to keep the model lively. Don't you feel the draught there, Mr. Moon?"

"He doesn't *look* cold," said the model, glancing at the window.

"This way, please, Phyllis," said Lettice Trout severely, "I'm doing your eyes."

They painted in absolute silence for two minutes. I gave them a brief outline of the political situation. The model sat like a statue, looking innocent to the verge of dullness. She was dressed in her frilled blue evening frock, her hands in her lap, and in her hands a fan.

"You're not looking a bit lively, Phyllis," said Mrs. Banbury, squinting at her. "I saw your wife the other day, Mr. Moon," she went on inconsequently.

"Oh," I said. "Is she in town?"

"Dancing. At Boom's. With Major Trevor."

"A very gallant officer," I said.

"I call it indecent," said Mrs. Banbury, "the way you two go on."

"The way we go off, you mean? It would be more decent, I suppose, if we separated altogether?"

"It would give Mary more to talk about," said the model.

"On the contrary," I said. "The topic

would be exhausted in a week. But, as things are, our marriage is likely to go on for ever. And Mr. and Mrs. Banbury will never lack a subject for conversation."

They painted in silence for a few moments: Lettice Trout with business concentration, Jean rapt and her eyes half-closed, Mrs. Banbury with much sitting back and gasping and sighing and waving her brush and putting her head on one side.

"I hear you were stuck in a lift, you and Phyllis," she remarked casually, after one of these pauses.

"Yes," I said; "I seem to remember something of the sort."

"It must have been a great bore."

"It was," I said, glancing at the model.

"Don't move, please, Phyllis," said Lettice Trout.

"I didn't move," said the model.

"Your eyes moved."

"And how long were you in the lift, Mr. Moon?" said Mrs. Banbury, poisoning a brush like a harpoon-thrower.

"Five minutes? Ten? What would you say, Phyllis?"

"I mustn't say anything," said the model.

"It was half-an-hour," said Lettice Trout grimly, who had waited down below.

"You poor dears," sighed Mrs. Banbury, with an appearance of compassion. "What did you do with yourselves?"

"What *can* one do in a lift?" I said. "We just talked."

"You're looking much livelier now, Phyllis," said Mrs. Banbury.

"But not a bit innocent," said Lettice Trout.

The model looked exceedingly roguish and adorable, but said nothing. There was half-a-minute's hard painting.

"What did you talk about in the lift?" said the insatiable Mrs. Banbury at last.

"About poor Jean and Stephen Trout chiefly," I said, with a certain low cunning. "They were waiting up above, you know."

"I rather enjoyed it," said Jean, suddenly breaking silence, and blushing all over.

Mrs. Banbury was off at once after the new hare.

"Jean! How thrilling! Did he propose? Do tell us! What did he say?"

"He talked law shop."

"That means he's feeling sentimental," remarked the model with authority.

"Be quiet, Phyllis," said Mrs. B.

"She's quite right," I remarked. "Most men, when profoundly moved, start talking about their work; all barristers do."

"I wish you'd all be quiet," said Mrs. B., with a lingering pretence of interest in her canvas. "I've messed up the mouth. What do you mean by law shop, Jean?"

"He told me all about some recent cases. There was one Chancery, and one Nuisance, I think he said, and one about a Belgian tobacco manufacturer. And he was just beginning on a Divorce case when—"

"That means he's going to propose!" exclaimed the model delightedly, clapping her hands.

"SIT STILL, Phyllis!" cried the exasperated artists. And "Is this *your* story, or Jean's?" said Mrs. B. warmly—and unwisely.

"It was my story," said Phyllis, demurely but unpardonably, "and I hope it's going to be Jean's."

It was now Lettice Trout's turn to fly the red flag.

"No one was surprised when you threw Stephen over," she said hotly; "but you might at least have the decency to keep quiet about it."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Jean, kindly soul.

"Well, I do," said Lettice. "And I'm quite sure my brother would never propose to two women in the same way. Sit still, please. I'm doing that eye."

"I thought you'd done that eye," said the model.

"I see it very differently now," said Lettice, viciously mixing a horrible greenish mess on her palette.

"If you think I'm going to sit here—" began Phyllis, with spirit.

"Quiet, quiet!" wailed Mrs. B. "Now then, not another word."

There was silence.

"Well, Jean?" she said, almost immediately. "And what happened?"

"Nothing," said Jean dreamily. "Just then the lift started, and we went home."

"What would you have said, Jean?" she asked softly. (The curiosity of that woman!)

"I adore him," said Jean simply, and we all gasped. Never in the memory of any of us had Jean been known to express a positive preference for any particular man, person, or thing. "Adore!" It was a miracle.

In sheer stupefaction all remained silent for a minute or two.

"What a shame!" said Mrs. B. at last. "Quite a pity the lift started when it did, wasn't it, Mr. Moon?"

"It was," I said.

"Keep still, Phyllis. It started suddenly, didn't it?"

"Very suddenly," said Lettice Trout.

"Lifts do start suddenly," I said.

"It was almost a pity you and Phyllis didn't *know*, Mr. Moon," said Mrs. B.

"Know what, Mrs. Banbury?"

"That Stephen was just going to propose to Jean."

"It would have been nice to know, of course," I said. "But how would that have helped?"

"You and Phyllis might have stayed in the lift a little longer. For Jean's sake."

"How could we?" said the model incautiously. "The man was just going to break in the roof, anyhow."

"Oh?" said Mrs. B., with a smile I didn't quite like (she should have gone to the Bar). "So *that* was it?"

"That was what, Mrs. Banbury?" I inquired.

"What did your mother say about it, Phyllis?" she went on, ignoring me.

"She didn't say anything," said the model. "Neither did I."

"I was thinking of calling on your mother one day this week," said Mrs. Banbury, quietly. "Will she be at home?"

"Not this week," said the model shortly.

"Not Thursday, Phyllis?"

"Not any day."

After that there was the longest silence of the morning. The artists worked feverishly. I strolled round behind them, and studied Mrs. Banbury's production.

"It's quite *like*, I think," she said dubiously; "but it's such a terrible *drawing*. It's turned out quite different to-day."

"I don't think mine's very *like*," said Lettice; "but it's quite a good drawing, don't you think?"

Jean said nothing.

None of my artist friends has ever yet produced a picture which was at the same time "*like*," and a good drawing. It is very strange.

"What exactly is the point of a portrait which is a good drawing but not '*like*'?" I inquired.

"Economic use of the materials," said Lettice, "for one thing; good clean line; and getting *inside* the model. Just what the artist *sees* in her. As simply as possible. The *essentials*. After all, you don't want a *photograph*, do you?"

"No," I said, examining the portrait.

"Is that what you see in the sitter, Lettice?"

"Yes. Another artist, of course, may see something quite different."

[Continued on page xxii.]



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE MAN IN THE NEXT ROOM."

FOR once it was well worth while leaving sunshine, meadows, and river for a Sunday evening at the Ambassadors' Theatre. We have to thank the Interlude Players, and more particularly Mr. Crawshaw Williams, for a play beyond the common—a play that will be heard of again when cooler days will turn the public mind towards the serious side of the theatre.

"The Man in the Next Room" tells the tragedy of a girl who loved not wisely and too well, when the man was struggling to make a political career—the lodger of her simple parents in a mean street. The man's rise meant the girl's fall. When he got on in the world he, through a friend, tendered her money in redemption. Broken-hearted, vowing vengeance, she trod the primrose path. Sally Street became a great *cocotte*, a queen of night clubs. He rose to Cabinet rank. All that time she waited and yearned and nurtured her wrath. Then his marriage was announced, and, mindful of his parting message to come and see him when in distress, she sought an interview. Quiet and composed, she entered the ante-chamber of the Minister. In her hand she carried a newspaper folded lengthways. Nothing betrayed her emotion and design. She bantered the official who received her, then she entered the next room with a bow. The interview became prolonged, the secretaries anxious. At length she returned to the outer office, still self-possessed, and walked out as if nothing had happened. When she had gone one of the officials saw a small stiletto on the floor. He rushed into the cabinet. The man in the next room was dead. She had practised the Mosaic law to which she referred in the postscriptum of her letter demanding audience. An eye for an eye.

Mr. Williams tells the poignant tale with great directness—every phase is an ascent towards climax; he tells it in an original way too, for we never see the Man—he is always in the next room, whether in Sally's home, or in his flat when his friend tenders the cheque of solace, or in the night club whence during a raid he escapes through a window, or in the Ministry, where he is at work while the officials idle and babble—capital sarcasm this on the waste of the nation's time and the abracadabra language of "Treaty with China."

It is this non-appearance of the Man who causes the woman's fall which intensifies the interest. Now all is concentrated on the soul of the woman—the girl at home nursing her secret under the eyes of her parents, who suspect but do not realise; the girl at the flat pouring her heart out at the door of the next room, a Magdalen in sorrow; the woman grown hard and worldly, with no belief in God or man; the woman determined to repay the Man in his hour of success and happiness. She is a tragic figure, she is human.

It is one of those plays that one will not easily forget, for it is affecting, and there is nowhere a concession to theatricality. The acting was admirable, and Miss Isobel Elsom played—I would rather say lived—Sally Street with all her heart and soul. Mr. Reginald Denham (the talented producer) gave a clever thumbnail of *jeunesse dorée* in its cups.

II.

THE EMPIRE (AS OF OLD) AND NORA BAYES.

THE Premier Variety Theatre and Cosmopolitan Club of the World," as the programme has it aptly and in pleasant Victorian style, has returned to its pristine glories. It is a music-hall once more, and wild were the scenes of enthusiasm that greeted its renaissance. True, it was not quite the Empire as we knew it. Time has disciplined its character—the Promenade is now a legend—yet in a sense the Bohemian spirit still survives. That the programme, under the guidance of Sir Alfred Butt and Mr. Oscar Barrett, would be choice and select was a foregone conclusion, and, indeed, some of the numbers showed an excellence of skill rarely surpassed even in these days of acrobatic, equilibristic, and prestidigital perfection.



THE GREAT STAR OF THE EMPIRE VARIETIES PROGRAMME : MISS NORA BAYES.

Photograph by James Hargis Connelly.

Mr. Willie Picardy, the Foot Juggler; Mr. Gus Fowler, the Watch King—a most graceful, ingenious act with clocks and timepieces flying all over the place; and Mr. Gaston Palmer, the Comedy Juggler, a French edition of our old Reblo—are not only artistes with an "e," but their work is so inspired and original that it deserves to be called Art as well as craft. Had we not revelled in the incredibly funny slow-moving pictures of those wags Nervo and Knox we should have named them first; now they had a rousing welcome as old friends of whom one never tires. After a beautiful living picture of "Pearl of the East"—a feast of colour and line in the Chavannes style by Ben Ali Haggin—came the *clou* of the evening:

NORA BAYES,

and here is her portrait as I drew it in my "London Cameos" for the *Christian Science Monitor* of

Boston, which I take leave to reproduce for remembrance—

She is almost indescribable, for here is a personality of many contrasts. Contrasts of race, deportment, inwardness. When she appears, gorgeously, yet not loudly, arrayed in black and white lace, with a long string of pearls pending from neck to waist, with an immense fan like a swan's wing, with her silvery hair parted, and her graceful arms undulating over her gown, she is an impressive, queenly personality.

She takes a little time before she starts. She bows, she lets her sparkling eyes wander hither and thither, she plays with and displays her fan, which at length she spreads over her figure till it well-nigh reaches her chin. Then she sings a love song—a ballad, we think, delivered with sentiment and emphasis. But suddenly she changes tone, demeanour. The queen vanishes, the jester takes her place—with wild emotion of the fan and sway of arms, with grotesque strides she mocks at the love song, and she repeats it staccato, as if a clavier had lost a few notes. From the loftiness of the sublime we have dropped into the fathomless ridiculous. It is daring, it is strident, it is *outré*—if anybody else should attempt it, it would become ugly in its cacophony and wild exuberance.

But Nora Bayes knows her public, can knead it like dough, can make it accept her conceptions. There is deep meaning in her skit. It would seem as if she said inwardly: "Love-songs?—fiddle-sticks! such stuff as dreams are made of; with one twist you can blow them to atoms: words, caress, kisses, and all." And the audience follows her, understands—have we not all put things on paper that in the aftermath of years seem absurd and nonsensical? Sometimes Nora Bayes changes her keys. She has a song about "Dirty hands, dirty face"—a fond mother's chiding of her child. It sounds silly to write a song round dirty hands of kiddies. Yet listen to Nora Bayes; note how the scolding is interspersed with fond words, with sighs of adoration, with all the joy, the solicitude, the fervour of maternal love. Here and there a woman wipes her eyes—all women and hearts go out to her; men feel the charm in the gentle pathos of the situation.

It is a wonderful gift, this humour of Nora Bayes, this keen eye for all that is ludicrous in life (does she not kill "Samson and Delilah" with mordant satire?), this tender understanding of all that is human, that pulls at our heart-strings—a wonderful gift that has conquered London as well as America.

The reception of Miss Nora Bayes and her fine pianist, Louis Alter, baffles description. Royalty could have no greater welcome at a function of State; the applause rolled in thunders, and, greedy to the degree of voraciousness, the ecstatic gallery clamoured for more and more, shouted pell-mell names of old favourites among her songs, would call her again and again—in never-ending gourmandise, kept her bowing, speaking, singing for a whole hour, cloak in hand—until she herself in gratitude prayed for mercy. She

has brought us many new songs, not all of equal quality, but the one of the two "Alarum Clocks" and the bantering idyll of "Kentucky" are models of American humour and fantasy. And her delivery is full of finesse, of wonderful detail, of sudden yet harmonised transitions from pathos to boisterous satire. She loves her work, she loves it so much that she is apt to linger in pauses to enhance the effect, to elaborate her gesticulation, full well aware of the spell of her arms and hands. That is her only fault, and in a sense it also applies to some of her new songs—a little less wordy, they would gain in charm. But, when all is said, Nora Bayes is a great artiste. She reminds one of Yvette Guilbert in her earliest days—the Yvette of the black gown, the long gloves, and the endless arms; and what greater compliment could one pay to America's foremost *diseuse*, whom our public has naturalised by acclamation? J. T. G.

Plays of the Moment: No. XXXI. "The Fake."



MR. FRANKLYN BELLAMY'S WONDERFUL STUDY OF THE
DRUG AND DRINK MANIAC: THE DEGENERATE MOOD.



AS THE HON. GERRARD PILLICK UNDER THE INFLUENCE
OF DRINK: MR. FRANKLYN BELLAMY AS A DIPSOMANIAC.



"I KNOW WHAT TO DO—I'VE THOUGHT IT OUT—I KNOW
WHAT TO DO": A HORRIBLE STUDY OF MANIA.



"I HATE YOU, I'VE ALWAYS HATED YOU": MR. FRANKLYN
BELLAMY AS THE HON. GERRARD PILLICK.

"The Fake," the remarkable play by Mr. Frederick Lonsdale which has been running at the Apollo successfully since March, is the tale of a justifiable murder—if one may use such a phrase. The "victim" of the crime—if crime it be—is the Hon. Gerrard Pillick, degenerate drug-taker and dipsomaniac, who makes his

wife's existence one long torture. This horrible character is admirably played by Mr. Franklyn Bellamy, who presents Pillick in all his evil moods, and pictures the degradation to which the drug-taker inevitably falls. It is a remarkable study which is well illustrated by our four photographs.—[Photos, by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.]

Films of the Moment: No. XX. "The Bright Shawl."



THE SPANISH CAPTAIN LAYS A TRAP FOR CHARLES ABBOTT: LA CLAVEL (DOROTHY GISH); SANTACILLA (ANDERS RANDOLF); AND CHARLES ABBOTT (RICHARD BARTHELMESS) (L. TO R.).



THE AMERICAN AND THE DANCER: ABBOTT (RICHARD BARTHELMESS) AND LA CLAVEL (DOROTHY GISH).



THE AMERICAN AND THE JEUNE FILLE: ABBOTT (R. BARTHELMESS) AND NARCISSA (MARY ASTOR).



THE DEATH OF THE DANCER: LA CLAVEL (DOROTHY GISH) GIVES HER "BRIGHT SHAWL" TO ABBOTT (RICHARD BARTHELMESS).

"The Bright Shawl," which is being shown at the Pavillion, Marble Arch, for this week only, is a First National production founded on Joseph Hergesheimer's novel. The setting is laid in Cuba when that island was under Spanish tyranny, and tells how Abbott, the American, meets the Escobar family of Cuban patriots and falls in love with the daughter, Narcissa. La Clavel, the Andalusian dancer, who is played by Miss Dorothy Gish, is believed to own Spanish sympathies, but is, in reality,

working for Cuban independence. She becomes infatuated with Abbott, who works with her to help the Escobars. By means of a trap, Santacilla gets both La Clavel and Abbott into his power, and the result is a fight, and the death of the dancer, who gives her "Bright Shawl" to Abbott as a dying gift. After further adventures Abbott escapes to win happiness with Narcissa. The drama is a thrilling one of patriotism, love, and treachery.

Wearing Her Waist in the Right Place!



THE FAMOUS DANCER WHO HAS LEFT THE STAGE FOR GOOD: IRENE CASTLE—NOW MRS. McLAUGHLIN.

Irene Castle is, perhaps, the world's most famous ball-room dancer, and her many admirers much regret her decision to leave the stage for good, which she announced not long ago. Her delicate grace and individual charm have enchanted audiences in America, England, and on the Continent during her career, which began when she

appeared with her first husband, Vernon Castle, who lost his life in the war. Mrs. Castle then married Captain Tremen, and is now the wife of Mr. McLaughlin. Our photographic study shows her wearing a costume which—in defiance of modern fashions of the moment—defines her waist in the place where a waist used to be!

Photograph by F. A. Jones.

Webbing Yields to the Sword: Hoffman Hits.



THE FIRST MOVIE GARDEN PARTY: THE EIGHTEEN GERTRUDE HOFFMAN GIRLS AT REHEARSAL FOR THEIR SPECIAL FENCING ACT.

The Theatrical Garden Party has been a well-known annual fixture for many years, but last week saw the first "Movie" Garden Party ever given, for the gathering at the Royal Botanical Gardens held on July 19 is the first occasion on which the famous folk from Filmland have organised a function of the kind to inaugurate Benevolent and Provident Funds for employees in the cinema industry. Many famous Picture stars

were present, and a parade of beauties in bathing gowns was one of the promised attractions; while the famous Gertrude Hoffman Girls from New York, whose wonderful "webbing" act is one of the attractions of "Leap Year," at the London Hippodrome, arranged to give a display of fencing, for which our photographs show them in rehearsal, suitably garbed for the hot weather.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



Born 1820
Still going Strong!

LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES NO. 8

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON at the RED LION, WENDOVER. A picturesque survival of the days of the Civil War with the fireplace intact at which the Roundhead Commanders foregathered. Robert Louis Stevenson is said to have stayed here in 1875.

Johnnie Walker: "I have heard your words described as the
Distilled essence of Scotland."

Shade of
Robert Louis
Stevenson;

"I could never dispute that title with you."



The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.



AFTER Wimbledon, when our visitors from various nations have left us, the return to the ordinary "trivial round" of home tournaments is always bound to be a little bit on the dull side. Before the recent championships—no doubt the wish begetting the thought—I followed with eager interest certain of our own players, fondly believing that they had improved out of all knowledge on their 1923 form, and were really going to make a good show this year when they got into the centre court.

But, alas! once more I have to confess that, when up against the quality of the invader, our own was mostly made to look lamentably poor stuff. It is best to keep criticism thoroughly impersonal when it is of the unfavourable variety. And so, very broadly speaking, I am going to say that the back seat which English lawn-tennis occupies to-day is due to the fact that there are no brains in the game. I don't mean to suggest that our players are devoid of this essential organ; only that there is no very convincing evidence that they have brought it on to the court and are using it in conjunction with the racket.

Two types of the game which reveal brain-work occur to me. One owes its success to the possession of a rich equipment of forceful, accurate strokes employed by the player on a well-conceived plan: a game where "the brain is king of the muscles' swing, lord of the eager limbs."

In the other, wile and court-craft—based on experience and intense knowledge of angles and positions—are the chief factors. The stroke equipment is not the strong point, but it is of sufficient quality to bring success. It scores by dint of place rather than of pace.

Of the first type is the present champion, Jean Borotra. With all his whirlwind methods and that amazing agility, it is evident that there is a brain busy beneath that black cap. Between two very leading players of modern lawn-tennis there will generally be—unless the service is too devastating to allow of it—a preliminary rally from the back of the court, and the ace will go, nine times out of ten, to the one whose brain is the quicker to spot the exact moment at which to bring out his deadliest shot and sling it at his adversary. But this shot must have very exceptional qualities. Great pace, combined with accurate direction, must be employed to make it practically unreturnable. Borotra amassed aces by this

method in the final against Lacoste. He has a shot which, once he is in position for it, will be put into the most awkward part of the back-hand corner, with the accuracy and velocity of a gun. The ball either expires at once, or is killed outright, a second later, at the net.

Norman Brookes is a perfect example of the second type of player. He seems to look upon the court as if divided into squares like a chess-board; and by cunning methods he will, sooner or later, get his opponent into such a position that he will be checkmated. It looks so easy, winning an ace by standing near the net and holding the racket at such an angle that the ball, coming in contact with it, strikes the ground close in to the side line and bounces away in a direction where the opponent could never have been, even if he had anticipated it. This kind of player is almost of necessity one who has had a long experience of first-class competitive lawn-tennis. Knowledge of position, length, angles,

the early, post-war years of the twentieth century.

His nearest counterpart belongs to Spain, in the person of Manuel Alonso. If and when

the centre court at Wimbledon is converted into a hard, dry surface—where false bounds are next to impossible—the Spaniard will be found carrying away our championship as convincingly as the Frenchman has just done on grass.

We have no Borotra, and no Roper Barrett young enough to reproduce his form of 1911,

when, in the challenge round at Wimbledon, he ran Wilding to two all, and then had to retire.

A combination of the two methods in one player—a Borotra-Barrett—would come in very handy for us just now. I have heard some of our first-class players say that they will not make a serious business of lawn-tennis—which they declare is, after all, a game. I cannot believe that anyone who regularly takes part in competitive lawn-tennis does not do so with a desire to excel over the other competitors. But to excel at a game need not involve making a business of it. It certainly means tremendous patience and a lot of dull practice to develop a stroke which, because of its speed and placing, is almost unreturnable.

Once every year, we see shots at Wimbledon in the centre court which we never see at our home tournaments. Why? Surely they can be acquired by persistent practice, and I should hate to think that our players just won't take the trouble.

I trusted myself to have a peep at the Epsom tournament. I saw no budding Borotras. I found Burrow there, though. I remarked on the contrast between his colossal duties at Wimbledon the previous fortnight and this simple, homely little meeting.

He told me that Epsom was the first tournament he had ever managed—twenty years ago—and that he loved his little Epsom. I could see that I had touched him on a tender spot, so I left him to the solitude of his tent.



E. H. CARR



F. R. BURROW,
the well known
REFEREE,
officialing
at
EPSOM.

etc., aids him in the defeat of his opponent, which is brought about almost completely by brainy tactics.

We used to have a player of this kind. I refer to Roper Barrett. He would go into court against a very much younger man who was, perhaps, renowned for his powerful drives on both wings, and a tremendously aggressive, forceful, all-court game. Barrett would take all this fierceness away from him, and tame him until he had got him to eat out of his hand. But so far from there being any nourishment in what he gave him, its effect was often fatal, and the opponent rarely survived the round.

I don't think we've ever had a player of the Borotra type. He is a unique product of



THERE WAS A JAPANESE
TOUCH ABOUT THE
UMPIRES AT EPSOM



J. J. LEZARD,
the
Cambridge
BLUE.



Holyroodhouse—Mary, Queen of Scots' Bedroom.

The Black Rood of Scotland

LEGEND has it that David I. of Scotland founded an Abbey at Holyrood as a thank-offering for a miraculous escape from death. Unseated while hunting, a mysterious flaming cross appeared to protect him from being gored by an angry hart. More probably, however, the Abbey was built by this same King to house the famous gold cross, said to contain a splinter of the true Cross, and known as the Black Rood. This national emblem was carried before the Scottish armies into battle, but was captured by the English and lost during the Reformation.

Holyroodhouse early became the abode of the Scottish Kings and its history almost epitomises that of Scotland. Many times it has been partially destroyed in foray or riot, but there yet remain portions of each period to interest the antiquarian and student of history, notably the apartment associated with the beautiful but ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots. Charles I. was here crowned King of Scots, and what is more probable than that "John Haig" was present at the following festivities, for even then—nearly 300 years ago—this King of Scotch Whiskies was famous.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
John Haig?



Clock in Lord Darnley's room.
Late 17th century period.

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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

"Seamen All." Mr. Keble Chatterton should be a happy man. He has written fourteen or fifteen books about ships and the sea, and no less an authority than the *Bookman* has declared that he is probably the leading authority on the history of ships and the sea.

When Mr. Chatterton is not writing of the sea he is careering about on it, so that he makes the very best possible of that capricious element. And he writes of it with enthusiasm. Clearly, he loves the sea in all her moods, which is a difficult thing for the normal man—yes, even the normal Englishman—to do. Anybody can love her when she is sweet, and calm, and smiling; it needs great devotion to love her just as much when she is standing you on your head and punching you in the stomach at one and the same moment.

Mr. Keble Chatterton is also fortunate in his name. I myself am named after one poet, but he is named after two. The only fly in his ointment is that some people—mainly press-cutting agencies—will confuse his name with mine. They send me all the eulogistic things that are said about Mr. Chatterton's books, and I presume they send him duplicates of the scathing things that are said about mine.

Adventure. "The theme of this book," declares our author in his preface, "is adventure: adventure by sea in all kinds of ships by all sorts of seamen during the period of the last two hundred and fifty years. Not a story, not an incident here to be found comes under the heading of fiction; on the contrary, every word is solid history, in some cases obtained first-hand. There is nothing included that will not stand the test of historical accuracy. These events really did happen."

The period he has selected covers the time when the sailing ship reached her zenith, and we get some astonishing details about the journeys and pace of sailing ships.

Before we come to these, however, you must meet the Rev. Henry Teonge. Mr. Teonge, it seems, was Rector of Spennall, in Warwickshire, but left his living to join a fourth-rate ship of 521 tons called *Assistance*. As I happen to know Spennall very well, I do not blame Mr. Teonge. He wanted "life," no doubt, and it is difficult to satisfy this craving at Spennall—so small a place that to this day only an expert in the ways and moods of Warwickshire lanes can find it at all.

The Rev. Henry began by liking life on board *Assistance*. "'Wee goe to prayers at 10,'" he wrote in his diary, "'and to dinner at 12. No life at the shoare being comparable to this at sea, where wee have good meate and good drinke provided for us, and good company, and good advertisements; without the least care, sorrow or trouble.'"

Teonge went out to minister to the spiritual

needs of the brave sailors under Blake, whose duty it was to put a chain round the naughty pirates of the North African coast.

"On the Saturday when the slow-moving squadron, now consisting of half-a-dozen ships, at last was abreast of Cape de Roca, Portugal, the senior captain was joined on board by the officers from his squadron and feasted them with fowl and boiled pork, mutton and turnips, roast beef, geese, Cheshire cheese; washed down with canary, sherry, Rhenish wine, claret, white wine, cider, ale, beer, and punch, ending up the week again by drinking to the King 'and all that wee love.'"

I don't see what chance the wretched pirates had with men like that. As for Mr. Teonge, I doubt whether he saw much

Robinson Crusoe.

The theme of this book being adventure, obviously it would not be complete

without a reference to that very great adventure which we know as the story of Robinson Crusoe. Mr. Chatterton reminds us that Robinson Crusoe was really Alexander Selkirk, that he went out in Dampier's privateering expedition in 1703, and that when the ship touched at the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chile, in 1704, Selkirk asked to be put ashore there on account of a quarrel with his captain. Also that Defoe wrote "Robinson Crusoe" from Selkirk's experiences on the island. I should imagine that he took down the story practically verbatim from Selkirk's lips. It is sometimes said that with "Robinson Crusoe" Defoe founded English fiction. I should rather be inclined to say that he founded descriptive reporting—possibly a far wider-reaching achievement.

Selkirk was taken off the island by one Woodes Rogers, a master-mariner out of Bristol.

"Selkirk told Rogers all about his experiences alone on that island, and most interesting they are—how he built himself two huts with pimento trees, covered them with long grass, lined them with the skins of goats; how he got fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together on his knees; how he lived on the crayfish and goats' flesh; how the island was over-run with cats and rats which had come ashore from shipping and bred here in numbers; how, when his clothes wore out, he made himself a coat and cap of goatskin, which he stitched with little thongs made with his knife; how he used a nail for a needle. Yes, it is all so fascinating because it is true. On coming aboard he had so far forgot the English language, for want of use, that the frigate people could scarcely understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves."

Unhappy Ships. You will remember that in the sea stories of your youth—and how we loved the fascinating pages and pictures!—somebody or other was for ever getting knocked down with a marlinespike. I never knew what a marlinespike really was, but they seemed to lie about all over the ship, simply pleading to be picked up and used as weapons of offence. Well, it is never too late to learn, so I have turned up "marlinespike" in my excellent dictionary, and I find it described as an iron tool tapering to a point, for opening the strands of rope in splicing.

Those spinners of sea yarns in no way exaggerated. Mr. Chatterton's pages run with blood. Here is a typical passage—

"Life aboard the *Martha* may be regarded, I think, as representative of a merchant sailor's existence in those days. The dominant fact stands clear that mutiny was ever about to break out, and discipline was both brutal and inciting. Men were broken both metaphorically and literally. As in the case of the *Martha*, one bullying mate was succeeded by another equally overbearing who threatened

[Continued overleaf.]



THE M.P.'S WIFE WHO CLAIMS THAT BOY OR GIRL CAN BE BORN AS PARENTS WISH: MRS. J. M. ERSKINE.

Mrs. J. M. Erskine, the wife of Mr. James Malcolm Monteith Erskine, Member for the St. George's Division of Westminster since 1921, recently made the startling announcement that she has learnt the secret of how to arrange for the right sex of babies. She claims that it is possible that a boy or a girl can be born according to the wish of the parents, and that she has tested the accuracy of her method and proved it beyond doubt. Mrs. Erskine is the daughter of the late Rev. Charles Penrose Quicke. She was married in 1898, and has one daughter, now married, and three sons, of whom two are twins.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

of the pirates, but he gives a lively description of the good ship *Assistance* going into action.

Towards the end of the cruise, unluckily, the provisions would appear to have run short. At any rate, he winds up by declaring that *Assistance* was the rottenest frigate that ever came to England. He then had a look at Spennall, liked it no better, and went again to sea in another well-stocked ship.

(Continued.)

to knock out the apprentices' brains with a handspike, so that they too became mutinous, and some of them were found missing when next the ship sailed from port. Feuds were without end—the steward seeking to kill the cook of the *Mariha*, one of the apprentices doing his best to knock out the cook, and finally causing the latter's death. The officers in turn loathed the cook, and the

"In 1854," writes our author, "the *Nightingale*, with 125 passengers, made the excellent run from New York to Melbourne in seventy-five days, in spite of having fewer westerly winds than were expected. During that trip her best day's run was 365 nautical miles, or an average of over fifteen knots, though frequently she topped sixteen knots. And, when you compare this with the speed of many first-class liners of to-day, it is no mean performance, without any expense of engines and fuel."

There must have been some fun in those days in getting up a sweepstake on the day's run.

Casement. To the reader who

is not particularly interested in ships and the sea for their own sakes, I imagine that the most thrilling chapter in this delightful book will be Mr. Chatterton's description of the Casement tragedy. Our author, being on patrol duty off the coast of Ireland, naturally knew more about it all than most people.

"I still remember," he says, "the thrill with which the news came to me at sea from the coast-guard semaphore station at Cahirmore. 'Arms and ammunition,' the flags began to spell out, 'found in small collapsible boat at Tralee four a.m. to-day coming to Cork.' It seemed like an incident out of an adventurous novel. But there was no question about it. The rest of the story is well known to most readers—how that Casement and Bailey were quickly arrested, and that Monteith escaped. An endeavour was made to postpone the rebellion in view of the way things had turned out. Casement had got a message through that the rising was

to be countermanded. But actually the rebellion broke out in Dublin alone not on Easter Day, as originally intended, but on the day after, April 24. The next few days kept the sloops busily employed... but on May 1 the rebellion collapsed."

Thus Mr. Chatterton brings his stories of adventure by sea almost down to the present day. I congratulate him on a very fine book.

"New Friends in Old Chester." Three long stories of life in a small

American town. The first is called "The Eliots' Katy." The author was quite right to place this story first, for it is easily the best of the three. It tells of a servant girl who lavishes immense love and all her savings on her illegitimate daughter, only to be turned down by the girl when she grows up as too common to own.

Katy thinks nothing of her moral lapse. The one lesson that sank into her mind as a child was truthfulness. She sincerely believes that if she ever tells a lie she will go to hell. For the sake of the daughter she declares

that she is not the mother, and thus condemns herself to hell.

This is the kind of story that will annoy a great many superior minds—so numerous to-day that it is almost a distinction to have an inferior mind. But the touch of the real literary artist is here.

"Katy looked at her, and smiled. Her tenderness enveloped Lissy; it touched her frightened mind, as strong, wise hands might touch and reassure a frightened body; it meant, 'Don't be troubled. I will take care of you.' But what she said was very brief: 'The young gentleman's mother, bein' a fine lady, is wantin' a lady daughter-in-law. Lovey—keep yer nose in the air! Tell 'er,' Katy paused; then looked up. Her eyes seemed to see something above Clarissa, something beyond her. She made a curious gesture with her hand, as if to wave farewell to far-off heights—to pearly gates through which she would never pass. . . . Then she turned and looked at Lissy, and her voice was Love: 'Tell yer lady mother-in-law, mum, that she needn't look down on yer. Tell 'er yer come from grand folks—a cousin yer was of me lady's in England. Tell 'er I was just yer nurse—just a servant who took care of yer. . . . I wasn't yer mother at all. I made it up, I was.'"

"She got back to Mary Jones late that night. She climbed upstairs, very slowly and heavily, and fumbled at the door-knob. 'It's me, Mary. Lissy's mother.'"

"Mrs. Jones, opening the door, was dumb-founded."

"Where on earth did you come from? Wasn't Lissy home? Well, mercy me, come in—an' I'll give you some liquor and a bit of food—you look wore out!"

"I am wore out," said Katy. She sat down in Mary Jones's old rocking-chair with



WHEN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS CRICKET TEAM PLAYED THE HOUSE OF COMMONS STAFF: THE PRIME MINISTER AND LADY HENRY.

The annual cricket match between the House of Commons Team and the Staff of the House took place as usual at Lady Henry's, and was attended by the Prime Minister. Our snapshot shows Mr. Ramsay Macdonald with his hostess at the party.—[Photograph by Greville.]

captain was at enmity with his officers; and, finally, the captain himself was often thoroughly intoxicated and his language violently abusive. Yes, there were plenty of unhappy ships in those days."

Cook-Hunting. I am interested in this bitter animosity against the cook. Of course, in a ship of that kind, where everybody knew everybody, life must have been very difficult for the cook. In a modern liner or a great hotel the cook is seldom seen and never heard. Of all the really important people in the establishment he is the most aloof. If you want to get at him, you can't. I have never seen anybody in a first-class London hotel, or on a first-class Atlantic liner, going about, knife in hand, looking for the cook. It is not done. All cooks, I presume, make mistakes at times, but so long as they maintain their exclusive attitude all is well.

With a cook on a privateer in the seventeenth century, or even in the eighteenth, life must have been highly charged with excitement. Somebody or other was sure to get indigestion, and then he would simply lay hold of the nearest marlinespike and fell the cook in his own galley. Nor were these cooks always immaculate characters. Cooks are notoriously quick-tempered, and the first suggestion of a good mutiny was the very thing to fire the zeal of an over-heated cook.

However, this is Mr. Chatterton's pigeon.

Speed of Clippers. Nothing in this book is more astonishing than the recorded speeds of the swiftest sailing ships.



MR. JACK HULBERT AND MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE AT THE CHRISTENING OF PETER JOHN HOWES: SHAKING HANDS WITH THE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGE.

Our snapshot of Mr. Jack Hulbert and his wife, Miss Cicely Courtneidge, who are now appearing at the "Nine o'Clock Revue" at the Little Theatre, shows them at the christening of little Peter John Howes, the son of Mr. Bobby Howes and Miss "Pat" Malone, of the Five o'Clock Follies of Prince's. Many theatrical celebrities assembled at the christening to wish the infant the best of luck.

Photograph by L.N.A.

a great breath of fatigue. 'Thank you kindly, Mary. Yes, I'll eat. Then I'll tell you.'

"The telling lasted almost until morning."

Seamen All. By E. Keble Chatterton. (Heinemann; 20s. 6d. net.)

New Friends in Old Chester. By Margaret Deland. (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

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Eldridge, on 300 h.p. Fiat, broke World's Record for Flying Kilometre, Paris, July 12th, 1924.
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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Duke of York's Boat Trophy.

Under the auspices of the Marine Motoring Association, Londoners were given, on July 15, an interesting display of speed by the 1½-litre engined motor-boats that took part in the eliminating trials on the Boat Race course between Putney and Chiswick, to choose those racing craft which were to represent England in the race for the Duke of York's International Trophy at Torquay on July 30. It was quite a social occasion also, as Mr. and Mrs. Fred May lent their lawn at Thames Bank, Grove Park, Chiswick as a grand stand, as well as hospitably entertaining all the large company present. It was quite an exciting race, as Mr. May himself was driving his boat, *2LO*, and led the field over the starting line at Chiswick; but on his second lap the propeller struck some timber and so put his boat out of commission. *Miss Betty*, driven by its owner, won this race of 30 miles—three circuits to Putney Bridge and back—at a speed of thirty miles an hour, to the delight of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Martin, as this boat was fitted with an Aston-Martin engine. Mr. E. Johnston Noad, its owner, drove it excellently, especially at the turns round the mark boats. Captain Woolf Barnato, driving the Sunbeam-engined *Ardenrun II.*, was second, with an average speed of over 29 miles an hour. Both these boats were selected, but as mishaps occurred to the others out of the half-a-dozen entered, the third place in the team and the reserve boat will be chosen by the committee after another eliminating trial, at Torquay on July 28. Also, there are to be two handicap races, with £200 added money as prizes for these boats, so, in any case, whether chosen or not, the runners stand a fair chance of winning a handsome sum to help pay expenses. As both the French and Italian teams have very fast boats to represent them, we want our best to be chosen, so that I, personally, should have liked the committee to arrange three eliminating races and to choose the team from the information these would have given them. Anyway, the two chosen boats ran well on the Thames; let us hope they do even better in Torquay Bay on the day of the race, and be well supported by whatever boat may be chosen to fill the team. One thing was most noticeable in these fast craft, that were doing over 30 knots on parts of the course—that they

throw up practically no bow wave and the propellers caused but little swell on the waters, thus proving to the Thames Conservancy officials that they cause no danger to other craft. I should not be surprised if many other enthusiasts gave orders for 1½-litre boats, as they are big enough to carry your friends, and fast



A REMARKABLE CAR: THE FLINT SIX—WITH A FIVE-SEATER TOURING BODY.

The Flint six-cylinder 27-h.p. car, with a five-seater touring body, equipped with a self-starter, five tyres, etc., is priced at £398, and is a remarkable car. The flexibility of the engine is extraordinary, and the power of acceleration far beyond what might be expected to be found in any car of the type.



OUTSIDE CORFE CASTLE: A 14-30-H.P. BELSIZE SIX.

The new Belsize 14-30-h.p. six-cylinder cars are already finding their way into the most remote corners of Great Britain, and live up to the reputation which the Belsize car has always held of being ready to go anywhere. The new models display several advantages over their predecessors. The six-cylinder overhead-valve power unit is now fitted with a right-hand gear change, and the upholstery of the body is carried out in real leather. The prices of the new 14-30 six-cylinder models are now £475 for both the two- and four-seater cars, and represent a standard of value that is extremely high.

enough to be as sporting as one may wish. In fact, driving these at speed, one gets all the thrills anybody can wish for.



Balloon Tyres: Official Test.

Owners of small cars, and possibly of some big ones, will be glad to learn that the R.A.C. have officially tested the Dunlop

cord low-pressure tyres of the 29 in. by 4½ in. size, inflated to an approximate pressure of 24 lb. to the square inch, with gratifying results. Fitted on a six-cylinder A.C. car, these tyres were run round the Brooklands track a distance of 1559.6 miles at an average speed of 67.41 miles per hour. As the car only halted during this "double twelve" hours run for a total of about 59 minutes in the two days, except, of course, at night-time, these tyres had a proper hustle to break them up. Actually, all they suffered was a reduction of about 4 mm. in the thickness of the rubber tread—a mere nothing,

as their new condition is 19.6 mm. thick, so that many thousands of miles of life were left for the 15 mm. remaining. At such a speed and on such a surface, the effect on all tyres is worse than on the road, so the R.A.C. certificate issued gives confidence to the public to use these Dunlops without fear of their wearing out quicker than the higher-pressure form of wheel-covers. I should like to see a similar trial of these low-pressure tyres on a bigger type of car—say about 20-h.p.—as the A.C. is rather on the light side.

Sports Cars Barred.

At last I notice one motor club, the Kent and Sussex Light Car Club, has barred a certain make of sports car from competing in any of the touring classes in their own speed trials. Bravo! committee; I like your reasons, but I wish you had not particularised any individual make. Touring cars ought to be comfortable to travel in; and I do not know a single "sports" model with a comfortable body that I should care to tour on for any length of time, so "sports" types should generally be barred from "touring" classes. It is no good salesmen or makers trying to put these greyhounds of the road in retriever jackets, so to speak, and imagine they disguise their real character. I had to act as a judge once to decide who was a real amateur in one of these motor competitions. I expect now the next puzzle to decide will be what is a touring model. Well, I can do it without hesitation.



The Will to Win.

Walter Hagen has landed this week at his beloved "li'l' old New York," bearing with him the British open championship cup and about as many encomiums as ever a conquered people showered upon a victorious crusader. We like to be candid with Hagen, because Hagen himself is the very personification of boyish ambition and frankness; and we have to declare that, so far as concerns style, we cannot quite include him among the artists whose swinging of the golf club is worthy to rank as a classical art. But when it comes to doing the holes in the correct figures—or better—especially in the face of Fortune's rebuffs, he is incomparable. During the past three years he has secured the British championship twice, and only just failed to win it three times in succession, for on the occasion when he did not win he finished second, one stroke behind Arthur Havers. We may have to live a very long while to see that performance equalled.

Instinct and Hard Work.

In every detail of his methods, Hagen looks the man who has made himself what he is to-day. Some people obviously



THE "RUNNING ROBOT": NURMI, THE WONDERFUL FINN WHO BEAT TWO RECORDS IN TWO HOURS AT COLOMBES.

Nurmi, the wonderful Finnish runner who has been christened the "Running Robot," owing to the machine-like manner in which he won his races, beat two records in one day at the Olympic Games. He first won the 1500 metres race (1640 yards) in 3 min. 53.3-5 sec.—3 1-5th sec. better than the Olympic record. Barely ninety minutes after this, Nurmi turned out again for the 5000 metres (3 miles 188 yards) race, and finished in 14 min. 31.1-5 sec., beating his own world's record by nearly five seconds. Later Nurmi won the 10,000 metres cross-country event in 32 min. 54.4-5 sec.—and appeared quite unaffected by the great heat.—[Photograph by C.N.]

were born to be great on the links—Mr. R. H. Wethered, with his natural *elan* and rhythm of swing; Mr. C. J. H. Tolley, with his

Walter Hagen, Champion Golfer.

By R. Endersby Howard.

majestic power allied to grace; Vardon, with his elegant and easy action which causes golf to appear as simple to him as flying is to a bird; and Duncan, with his inspirations of genius. None of these qualities stands out in a marked degree in Hagen. On the other hand, he always looks to be a little bit uneasy about the whole business, like a man who knows his job well enough, but who finds himself confronted with unexpected perplexities in connection with it. As he walks towards his ball, the expression on his face suggests that he is saying to himself: "This is a deuce of a fix I'm in now." Sometimes he is indeed in a fix, but his speaking countenance is just the same when the situation is full of bright promise. He discloses no element of jauntiness or abandon or presumption of success.

Hoping and Believing.

Have we here the very secret of his success? To Hagen each shot as it presents itself is the problem of a lifetime. He never accepts any shot as being easy to play. It may be simplicity itself compared with many of the others, but Hagen concentrates on it as though it had grim possibilities and his whole career depended upon the accomplishment of it in the proper way. Never slackening even when the shot offers no cause for misgiving, never becoming over-confident even when he has made himself apparently secure for the correct figure at a hole, he is always in the right condition to tackle a difficult situation when it arises; and the manner in which he tackled a series of such situations during his last round in the championship at Hoylake was wonderful. Almost any other mortal would have broken down under the strain of so many set-backs. Hagen succeeded because to him there are no degrees of difficulty. Every shot is a poser. If it is imperative that he should hole out in two from a bunker or the rough close to the green, it is the same as if he has to hole out in two putts. Both tasks are difficult, but the one is no worse than the other. Either can be achieved. That, at least, is the spirit in which he seems to play. His is the temperament that takes nothing for granted, but always hopes and believes.

A Personality.

For all the fact that there is nothing particular in Hagen's style that appeals to the imagination or the sense of poetic grace, his personality is extraordinarily arresting. His puzzled look as he walks up to the ball is in striking contrast to the composure of his smooth black hair, not a strand of which ever becomes in the least degree disarranged, although he always plays hatless. He is a model of spruceness and neatness in a knickerbocker suit in some delicate shade of gabardine. He has something of a rolling gait, like the free-and-easy sailor. He looks almost awkward when, having reached the ball, he puts the right foot into position, places the face of the club square to the line of play, and swings the left foot out somewhere behind him, preparatory to adapting his stance to the position of the club-head.

Deliberation.

The more difficult the shot, the more marked is this peculiarity of Hagen's of making sure that he has the club-head grounded square to the line of play before he settles finally into his stance. I noticed it particularly just before he played that great shot with his mashie iron to within three yards of the pin at the seventeenth hole in his fateful last round at

Hoylake. The correct grounding of the club-head behind the ball was the first point of which he made sure; he stood on his right leg to adjust the position, and, for all one could tell, was unconscious that he had a left leg until he had set the club-face square to



THE YOUNG AUSTRALIAN SWIMMER WHO BEAT THE WORLD'S RECORD AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES: MR. ANDREW CHARLTON, WINNER OF THE 1500 METRES.

Mr. Andrew Charlton, the young Australian swimmer in the final of the 1500 metres swimming race at the Olympic Games, lowered the world's record made by Borg, the Swede, by no less than 1 min. 5 sec., doing the course of 1500 metres (1640 yards) in 20 min. 6.3-5 sec.—[Photograph by Rol.]

the direction in which he intended the ball to go. Then the left foot came forward into the place dictated for it. There is surely a lesson in this for the average golfer. For does it not happen hundreds of time a week on every course that a shot goes wrong simply because players take up the stance first and try to make the club-face adapt itself to the position of the body? They drive the ball to left or right because they are standing to do so. Nevertheless, Hagen is the only first-class golfer I know who so deliberately makes sure of the position of the club-face as a distinct preliminary. It is one of those little touches that make him look a hard-working golfer, but he leaves little doubt as to its practical value.

Anomalies.

What is strange is that, although Hagen has won our championship twice in the past three years, he has cut no very prominent figure in the American championship since 1919. He has been beaten there by the very men—Gene Sarazen and James Barnes, for example—whom he crushes when they come here. In the American match-play championship he has been overshadowed for two years by Sarazen. I am not sure, however, that match-play is Hagen's forte. He needs the goad of knowing that he has to do a certain score to win. Give him a schedule, and he will work to it whatever the difficulties. He is the supreme apostle of arithmetical progress.

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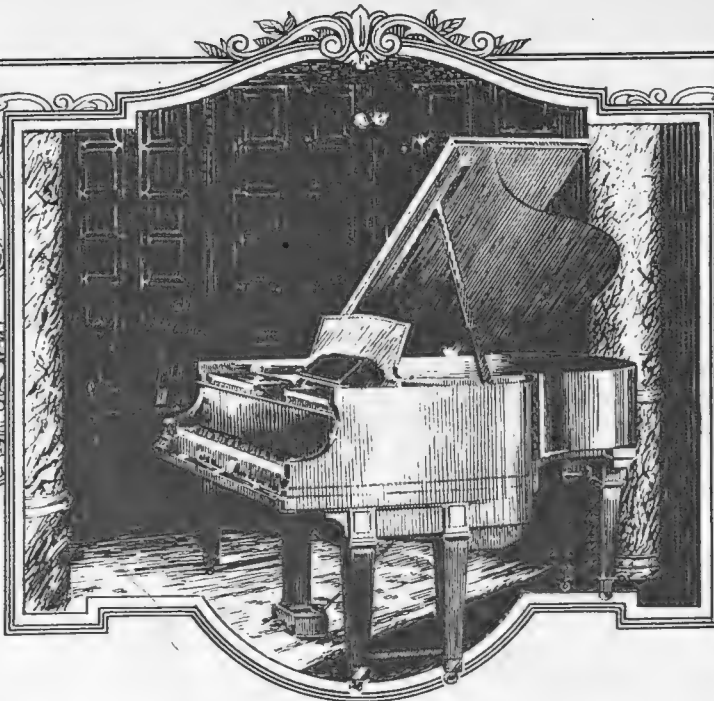
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of gaiety, and of pleasure, is enshrined in those frail vanities which are part of feminine elegance, and harmonise so completely that together they form a perfect ensemble.

The Bewitching Scarf.

This season's favourite frivolities are incontestably scarves, of which some of the most fascinating are launched by Rodier. Besides being truly representative of Parisian elegance, these Rodier scarves are patterned in the most exquisite harmonies of colour. While the scarves of Majonga crêpe and printed crêpe-de-Chine created by this re-

nown Paris designer lead the fashion for winter modes, new and striking effects for the summer have been realised by the same artist in his scarves of richly embroidered crêpe georgette.

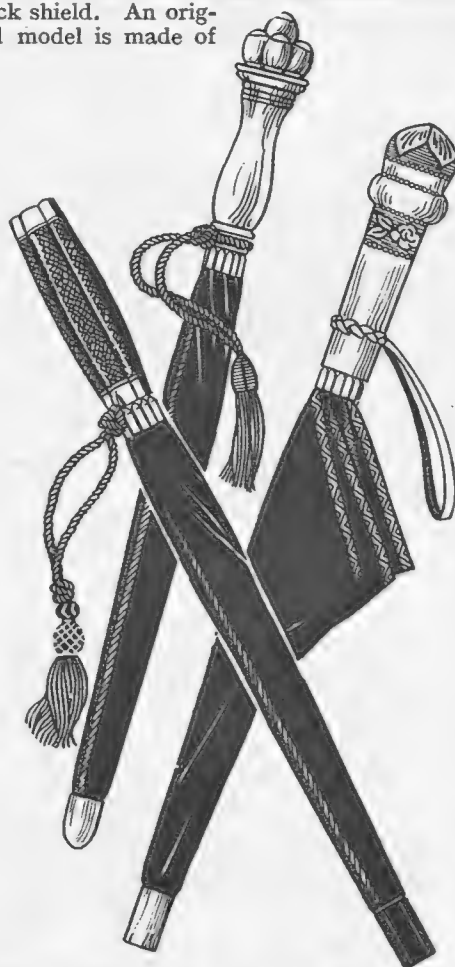
Quaint Umbrellas.

It is becoming more and more *de rigueur* to carry a hand-bag and umbrella matching one's gloves, hat, and scarf. This justifies the importance which gloves have lately assumed in the toilette of a well-dressed woman. The smartest models have silk-lined cuffs, embroidered with original chain-stitched arabesques. The En-Cas umbrella, and its rival, Tom Thumb, are daily outshining the sunshade. Made of different hues of silk edged with a braided pattern of a lighter shade, the Tom Thumb umbrellas are finished off by handles showing infinite diversity. Some are carved in wood, in the *naïf* style of the rustic Norman peasant umbrellas; others are made of beaded mosaic work, or covered with braided leather straps; while a successful model is carried out in carved and open-worked ivory—real masterpieces of artistic craftsmanship.

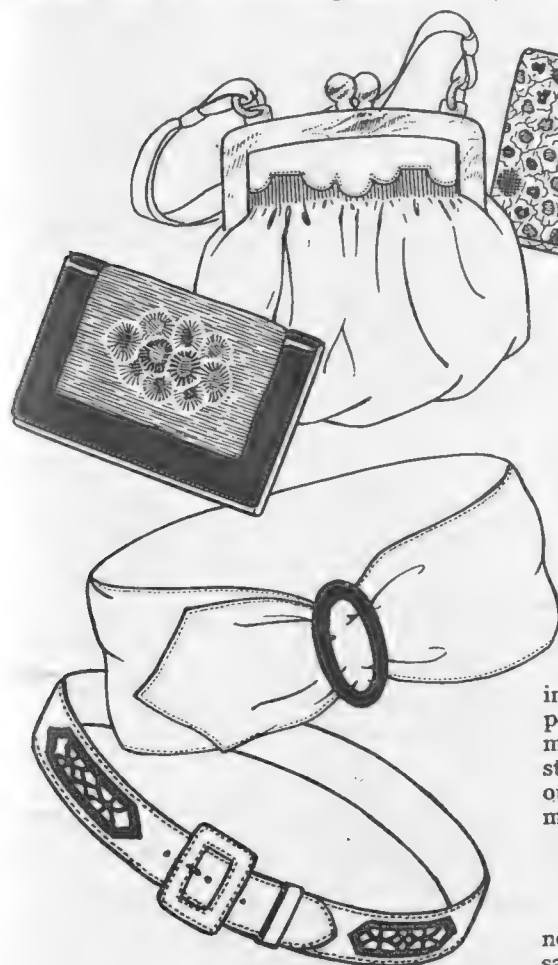
The Charm of Leather.

The hand-bags created for our light summer frocks have hardly undergone a noticeable change in shape. Much to our satisfaction, the flat, envelope-shaped model

we have adopted as being by far the most practical will not easily be superseded. But in the trimming, on the other hand, unbridled fancy reigns supreme. Here an envelope-shaped bag is made of glazed chintz embroidered with gold thread. There, another is decorated with a rich embroidery throwing into bold relief the initials emblazoned on a black shield. An original model is made of



raffia embroidery on a background of red leather. Leather continues its successful career in the world of frivolities. Soft and very supple, it is used to fashion wide belts which are draped round the waist like the old familiar sashes of ribbon.



WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard.



Chanson d'Amour is the name given by Madeleine et Madeleine to this lovely orchid-mauve ribbon dress worn by Jenny Golder.

frocks in muslins, voiles, and canvas, embroidered and tucked in the most alluring manner, can be secured from £3 3s., in a diversity of light hues. For £5 5s. one may become the possessor of a slender "slip-on" gown of crêpe - de - Chine in gay colourings, which is invaluable for the river and the bright summer *plages*.

A Remedy for Insomnia.

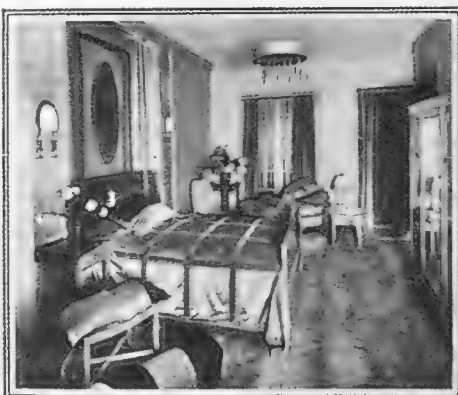
Everyone who has suffered from sleeplessness knows how it reacts inevitably on the whole system, mental and physical. Healthy sleep is an essential factor towards fitness, and it can only be attained by perfect comfort of the body. Consequently, the construction of the bed is of the utmost importance, and no happier choice could be made than the scientifically

Not to be Missed.

This month brings to everyone the welcome opportunity of acquiring those fascinating and unusual hats, frocks, and jumpers from Edelle, 30, New Bond Street, W., at bargain prices, for her summer sale is now in progress. There are piquant little hats of every description ranging from £1 1s. upwards, and useful jumpers in silk and wool can be obtained from £2 2s. Summer frocks are, of course, engaging everyone's attention at the moment, and charming little washing

designed bedsteads and mattresses of Staples and Co., Chitty Street, W., one of whose varied models is pictured on this page. The Staples mattress possesses many qualities which induce healthy sleep. It ensures luxurious bodily comfort by moulding itself to the body; it allows complete relaxation of the muscles by giving equal support at all points without sagging; and, by thus bringing about perfect symmetry of the resting body, the whole nervous system is soothed instead of irritated. The life of a Staples mattress is practically everlasting, and the top is not enclosed in any way, so that the springs are accessible for dusting and can be easily kept clean—another important advantage. On application to Staples and Co., they will be pleased to send full particulars to all readers of this paper.

In the Queen's Dolls' House.



A bed-room at the Wembley Exhibition which has been designed and decorated by Waring and Gillow. In it is expressed the modern tendency in decoration.

Several miniature replicas of a bottle of Eno's "Fruit Salt" are to be seen in the bath-rooms and bed-rooms of the Queen's Doll's House. Each tiny bottle stands barely half - an - inch high, but is perfect in every detail. Even the lettering on the label, minute as it is, can be read under a strong magnifying glass; and each bottle is filled with the world - famed "Fruit Salt." Visitors to the British Empire Exhibition will be able to see a duplicate of these interesting reproductions at the Eno Kiosk in the King's Way. It is interesting to note that in the illustration here the bottle is compared with an ordinary household thimble.

The Secret of Phyllosan.

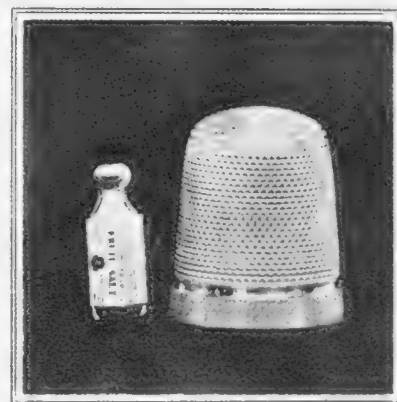
Medical papers are unanimous in the favourable reports of the work performed by Phyllosan in cases of anæmia, chlorosis, and wasting diseases. But what, exactly, is Phyllosan? The discovery was made by Dr. E. Buerger, of the University of Berne, who states that it is the assimilative substance of vegetable and plant growth, which gives rise in man also to assimilation and growth of substance, and consequently increases the appetite and strengthens all physical and vital forces. Furthermore, clinical experiments have proved beyond all doubt that Phyllosan is a potential remedy, reliable, prompt, with a profound and sure influence on the hæmoglobin content of the blood, producing a decided roborant and invigorating effect on the entire system, even in the most stubborn cases of anæmia, chlorosis, phthisis, and general debility. An explanatory booklet will be sent free to all readers applying to "Phyllosan," 26, Coventry Street, W.

Badge of Fellowship.

The design is simple and distinctive, and effectively portrays those national characteristics that have caused the Empire to reach to the furthestmost parts of the world. Symbolical of strength and industry (the Lion and the Bees and their Hive), it also happily suggests the ideals animating the Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition—namely, the complete success of the British Empire Exhibition, and the furtherance of Imperial education. The badges were made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W.1, who, by the way, are authorised to enrol members of the Fellowship.

Kate Greenaway Bridesmaids and Pages.

St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was the scene of a very picturesque wedding on Monday, July 14, when the marriage of Captain James Erskine Stirling, Seaforth Highlanders, and Miss Evelyn Cavendish took place. The bridesmaids—Lady Anne Cavendish, Miss M. Morrison, Miss Arbelles Mackintosh, Miss Helen Brodie, Miss Pamela Cobbold, Miss M. Stirling, and Miss Julia Leslie - Melville—looked charming in frocks of Kate Greenaway style carried out in peach silk shot white, which gave a silver sheen, and they had soft georgette ruffles at the neck and sleeves. Frills of georgette down the front of the

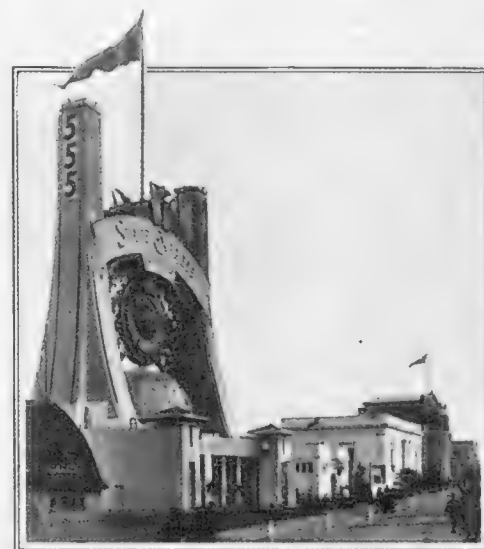


A bottle of Eno's Fruit Salt made for the Queen's Dolls' House. An idea of its size may be gleaned from the photograph.

skirt and a spray of peach fruit and leaves at the waist gave a delightful finish to their dresses. The pages—Lord Burlington, Lord Andrew Cavendish, Master M. Leslie-Melville, and Master M. Macmillan—wore suits made of peach silk in the same Kate Greenaway style, and delightful they looked with their lace ruffles and their bronzed buckled shoes. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., were responsible for the bridesmaids' dresses and pages' suits.



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The photograph above shows the State Express House at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. It stands 150 feet high on 16,000 square feet of space.



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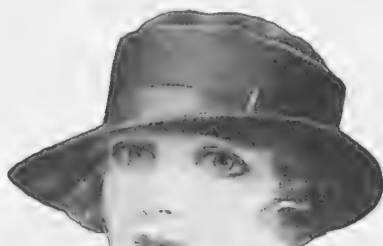
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No wonder it is being hailed with delight by the thousands of women who want to look youthfully slender again. For with the Madame X Reducing Girdle you don't have to wait till the fat is gone to appear slim and youthful.

Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

The instant you put on this new kind of girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

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Don't confuse the Madame X Reducing Girdle with ordinary belts or stiff corsets. It's radically different! It doesn't merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slender—it actually takes off flesh—gently, pleasantly, surely. Can be worn all day instead of a stiff corset and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight, boyish lines! At last you can wear all the stylish clothes you want without worrying about your figure.

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The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles. Made of the most resilient *steam-cured* Para rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarments. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset—and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has suspenders attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood and this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in the first few days.

Makes You Look and Feel Years Younger

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvellous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just post the coupon at side and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Post the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price special trial offer. THOMPSON BARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. X.W.S., 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

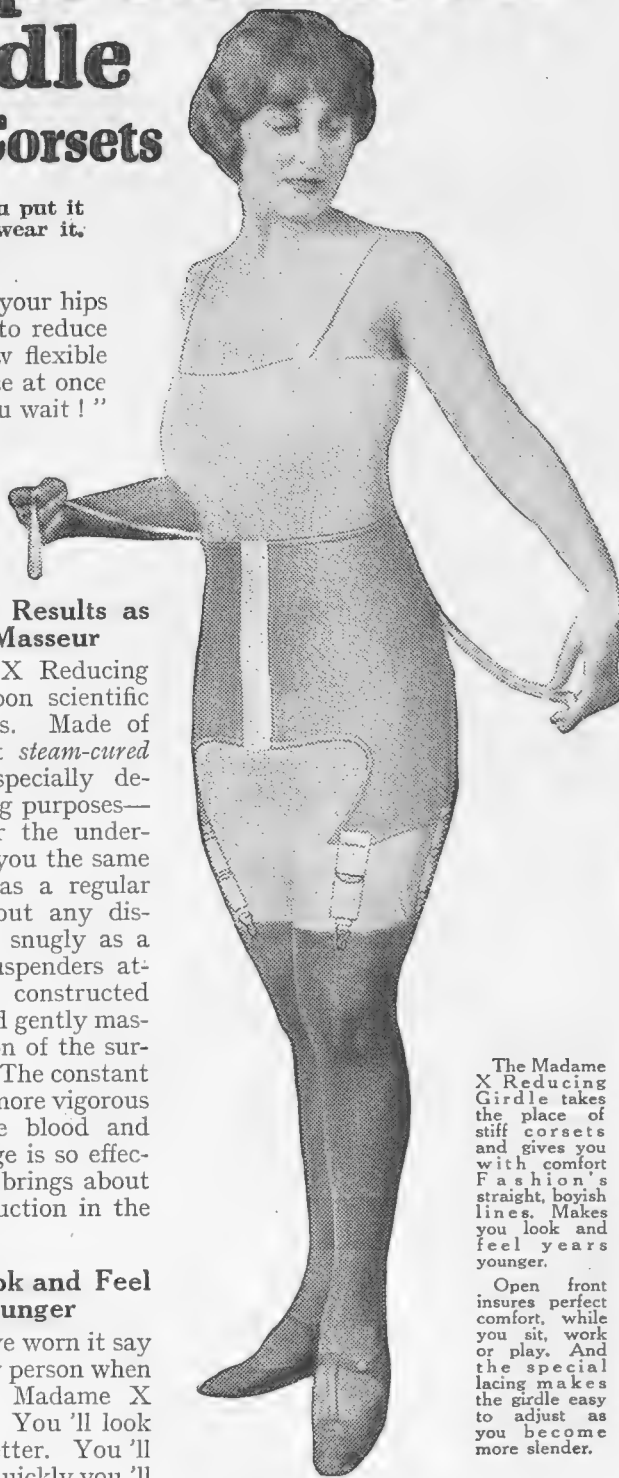
Thompson Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. X.W.S.,
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London, S.W.1.

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle, and also details of your special reduced price offer.

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The Madame X Reducing Girdle takes the place of stiff corsets and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight, boyish lines. Makes you look and feel years younger.

Open front insures perfect comfort, while you sit, work or play. And the special lacing makes the girdle easy to adjust as you become more slender.

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and
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CHEMISE to match ... **39/6**
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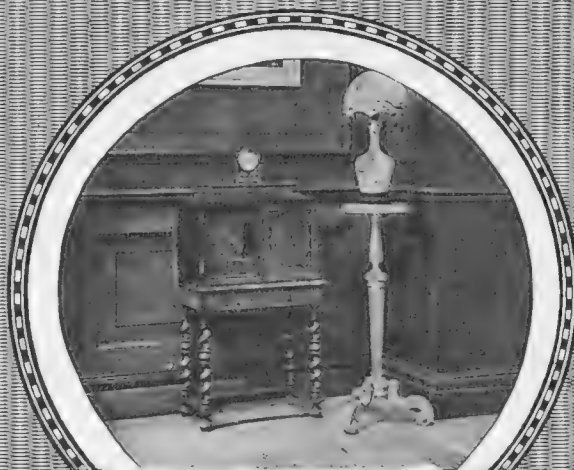
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Use "Bal-lon-ettes" and forget
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Copy of Letter sent to British Car Manufacturers of
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We want the public to know that when an Agent advises a foreign tyre to be put on a new car, he has an interest outside his customer and outside British workmen.

Yours faithfully,

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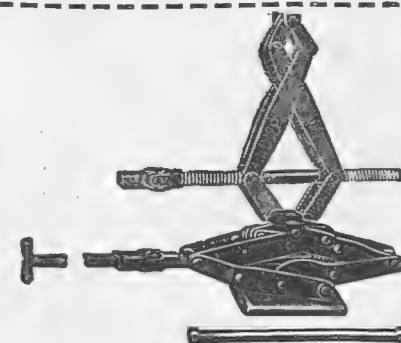
Gentlemen,

The tyres are a revelation in comfortable motoring; my B.S.A. with six-cylinder Daimler engine was a luxurious little creature before, but with the large tyres the comfort is marvellously improved; no interference with steering is noticed and the hill-climbing is better.

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The Dunbar Brogue Tan Willow One-bar; also stocked in Nigger Suede Calf Grey Suede Calf.

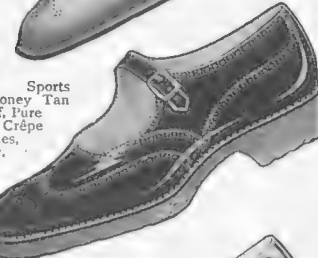
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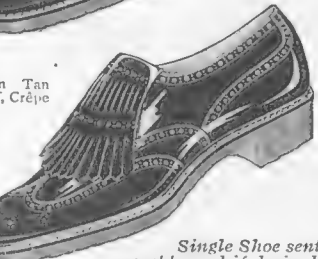
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Very chic is this model in red and white check with the top of the Frock red—trimmed with large pearl buttons.

Beige wool Costume checked with almond green, red and brown.

Jumper and Skirt of cream knitted silk. Heret embroidered in raffia and beads.

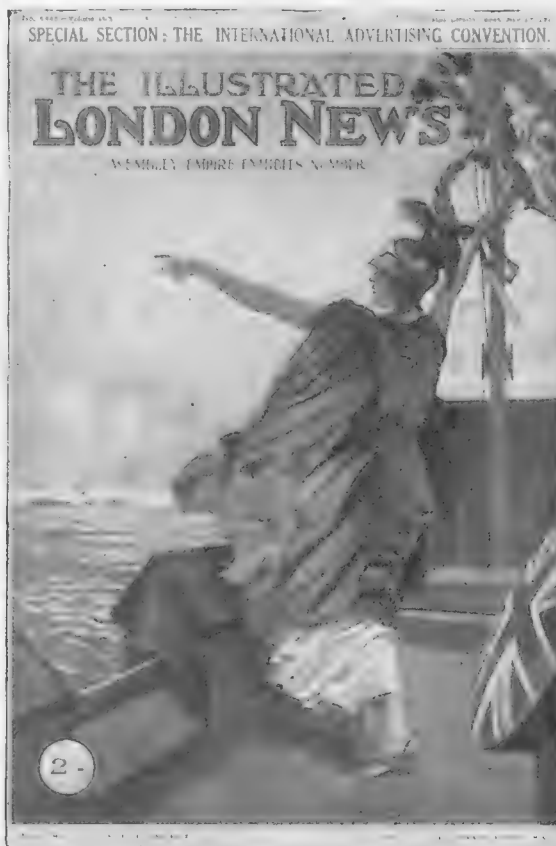
Tangerine Kasha with multi-coloured embroidery—Hat of pierced canvas.

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How to preserve your hair

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Just little silver pills that arrest hair ills

Obtainable at all good chemists, stores, hairdressers, etc.

DR. DAVID WALSH, M.D. (Edin.), writes.

"One of the most widespread fallacies with regard to the hair is that it can be nourished by rubbing pomades and other greasy preparations into the skin. Like all other tissues of the body, hair derives its nourishment from the blood."

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Have received instructions from the trustees to Dispose of the entire Contents of Three Town and Two Country Mansions; 121 complete rooms, the whole being of exceptional make and in perfect condition, including GENUINE ANTIQUES and WORKS OF ART, carpets, pictures, books, etc., being offered regardless of original cost. The whole of this fine Collection is displayed in our vast sale rooms and can be seen daily 9 till 7, including Thursdays and Saturdays. Any item may be had separately. Immediate delivery by motor-lorries or stored free 12 months, payment when required.

DINING ROOMS, RECEPTION ROOMS and LIBRARIES comprise choice examples of Adam, Chippendale, and Sheraton Styles. The dining and reception room sets range from a complete set from 16 guineas up to 2000 guineas. An exquisite complete DINING ROOM SET in finely-waxed Jacobean oak, including sideboard, centre table and chairs complete, 16 guineas; a very handsome Sheraton-style complete set, 30 guineas, and a similar set, very elegant, of Chippendale style for £40; large bookcases from 10 guineas. A RARE OLD OAK DRESSER BEING OFFERED FOR £25, with a very unusual Charles II. style old trestle table, 14 guineas; 6 rare old chairs to go with remainder at £3 15s. each, old refectory table, 10 guineas.

BED-ROOMS and DRESSING-ROOMS include some unique specimens of antique FOUR-POST BEDS; TALLBOY and OTHER CHESTS, GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE, OLD BUFFET DRESSING TABLES in styles of Elizabethan, William and Mary, Queen Anne, etc., all to be sold quite regardless of original cost. Complete Bedroom Suites in solid oak, from 7 guineas. Choice solid, mahogany Bed-room Suites of Chippendale style offered at 23 guineas. Very elegant Queen Anne design Bed-room Suite in oyster shell walnut, 27 guineas up to 700 guineas.

DRAWING-ROOMS and BOUDOIRS in English and Continental Styles.

LARGE LOUNGE SETTEES and EASY CHAIRS of exceptionally fine make, most having loose down cushion seats and backs and covered in real leather, choice silk velvets, tapestries, and art linen, ranging in price from settees 3 guineas each up to 35 guineas, and easy chairs from 37s. 6d. each up to 20 guineas.

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PIANOFORTES by "Chappell," "Erard," "Ibach," "Broadwood," and other eminent makers, including COTTAGE PIANOFORTE FOR 10 GUINEAS and GRAND PIANOFORTE, 25 GUINEAS.

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Final reductions
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days. All rem-
nants half price.



V. 92.—Very attract-
ive Manilla Hat with
mushroom brim edged
with leather bind,
trimmed band and
bow. Can also be
supplied with Peter-
sham trimming in self
colouring. In Brown,
Tan, Black, Red,
Green, Blue and Rust.

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Sale
Price 49/6



V. 49.—Pull-on Felt
Hat for Country wear,
with adaptable Brim
and soft Crown,
trimmed narrow
Corded Bind, Band
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good colouring.

Price 29/6

V. 77.—A becoming
and Attractive Felt
Hat, in Self and
Reversible colourings.
Adaptable Brim and
Crown trimmed
Corded Ribbon Bind,
Band and Bow, with
Feather Mount at
side. Can be supplied
in various fittings and
good colourings.

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CANT CRACK IT
FALLS
WONT BREAK IT**

**THE
ISOVAC
STEEL GLASS FLASK**

OF ALL STORES IRONMONGERS & CHEMISTS



*Hand Forged
from the famous
Wilkinson
Sword Steel*

*The Blade that
always wins*

Every morning your razor has to fight its way through a hundred-thousand bristling foes. After the tussle, is it exhausted? The blade of a Wilkinson Safety Shaver scarcely feels the fight. A short rest—a moment's stopping—and it's amply restored to fighting trim.

Now think of those wafer-blades that go with ordinary safety razors. Think how they come out of the fight. Exhausted. Irreparably blunted. Unfit for further action. Wafer-blades lack real power—the Wilkinson power that beats your beard every day for years on end.

The Wilkinson blade is hollow-ground and hand-forged from the finest British steel. Only the same careful workmanship that has made Wilkinson straight razors supreme could make so wonderful a blade.

WILKINSON
THE ALL-BRITISH SAFETY SHAVER
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Gun, Sword & Equipment Makers. Razor Mfrs.
T. H. RANDOLPH, Works: **ACTON, W.4**
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Set with 7 HOLLOW GROUND BLADES, each etched with the day of the week. Adjustable Shaver Frame, Automatic Strop and Setting or Honing Handle. In handsome polished Oak cases as illustrated ... **42/-**

Set as above with 3 HOLLOW GROUND BLADES. In polished Oak case ... **25/-**

Also Sets at 15/6 and 8/6

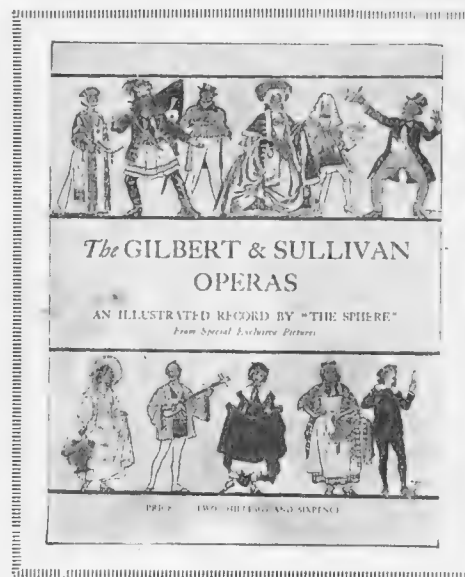
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
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So many girls have found the comfort of an unseen Venida Hair Net. And Venida keeps their secret. You cannot tell it's there—for the secret of Venida is just the satisfaction of ever-tidy hair. You, too, can get an unseen Venida to match your very shade of hair.

All Venida Nets—single and double mesh cap and fringe shape—are sterilised and guaranteed, 2 for 1/- (White or Grey, 1/- each), from Drapers, Chemists and Hair-dressers.

VENIDA
The Guaranteed
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INSIST UPON VENIDA. Will be sent post paid if any difficulty in obtaining.
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ALWAYS  TIDY 



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PLUS FOUR SUITS.
In smart Shetlands and
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YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S TAILORS

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The same tailoring artistry that has made the name Bernard Weatherill famous is devoted in no less degree to the production of clothing for Boys and Youths.

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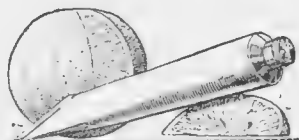
A special department is open for this purpose, and a feature is made of complete outfits for Public Schools, every detail of which will be in keeping with the customs and traditions of each particular school.

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*Branches at
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TWEED SUITS.
Smart Tweed Suits and
Worsted also Blue Serges,
etc., to measure from ... **£5**



TARTAR on the teeth leads ultimately and inevitably to decay of the teeth. Tartar cannot form on teeth brushed regularly with 'Yadil' Dental Cream. Nor are spongy gums and loosened teeth to be feared where 'Yadil' Dental Cream is used. It tones up and strengthens the gums. You can quickly judge of this for yourself, for after a very few days' use you will have a distinct sensation of tightening of the gum tissues around the teeth. 'Yadil' Dental Cream contains 'Yadil' Antiseptic in the high proportion of 8 per cent. No other dentifrice has so great a percentage of antiseptic. 'Yadil' cannot harm the gums or mouth tissues. 'Yadil' Dental Cream is the only dentifrice with an orange flavour.

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'YADIL' DENTAL CREAM

The Dentifrice with the Orange Flavour
All Chemists 1/6 per tube
No free samples given

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**"SWAN"
FOUNTPENS**

Safe to carry in any position is one of the many advantages of the "Swan" Self-filler.

It is a pen with a cap possessing a double safeguard which prevents any possibility of ink leakage.

Catalogue Post Free.
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Branches:
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The size 2 self-filling Swan, with 18ct. rolled gold mount and ring, complete with detachable and adjustable corded silk neck ribbon, is greatly favoured by ladies.

Price 33/-

**SOLD BY
STATIONERS
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"A Clean Tooth
Never Decays"



It makes you clean your teeth!

Making a job easy is half the battle of getting it done cheerfully!

The Pro-phy-lac-tic tooth brush was created to make tooth-cleaning the simple, pleasant, thorough job it should be. And every single part of the Pro-phy-lac-tic works to that end. Its bristles are serrated and set apart. They get between the teeth.

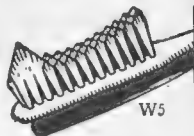
Then, also, the Pro-phy-lac-tic has a flexible, curved handle that allows you to manipulate the brush inside your mouth, and a big end-tuft that cleans the backs of your back teeth.

These features originated with the Pro-phy-lac-tic. Make sure of them by seeing your tooth brush bears the facsimile name:

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Sold only in the
YELLOW BOX

Write to 31 Bartholomew Close, E.C.1 for the free book, TOOTH TRUTHS



At all Chemists, Stores, etc.; or sent post free on receipt of price.
Hard, medium or soft—**2/6**
one quality, one price—**2/6**
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*Genuine Reductions
Guaranteed Qualities*

LAST 8 DAYS

Please order at once as stocks are limited

"WALPOLE" TAILORED OVERBLOUSE

IN EXCELLENT IVORY
SHANGHAI SILK

The new Peter Pan collar, pleats down front, and link cuffs are pleasing features.

Sizes 42/13½, 44/14, 46/14½, 48/15.
Sale Price .. **32/9**

Also in Rich Silk Crêpe-de-Chine.
Ivory or Champagne.
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*Ideal
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cheese!*

CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS

are not the ordinary water biscuits. Try them and you will appreciate the difference.

Made only by
CARR & CO. LTD.
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SUN CANOPIES.
"Leveson" Canopies fit all Prams whatever the make, and there are many dainty models now in stock at the John Ward shops.

Please call or write for List No. 53.

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"LEVESON"

CONSULT HELEN LAWRENCE ABOUT SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

She will give you her personal advice and demonstrate her method that has met with such remarkable success. At the first treatment all hairs are removed and a permanent cure begun. The treatment is harmless to the most delicate skin, it is pleasant in its simplicity and destroys the roots of superfluous hair gradually.

NOT A DEPILETORY, NOT ELECTROLYSIS.

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Face Massage. Chiropody. Manicure.

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IF YOU CANNOT CALL
write for HOME TREATMENT with complete instructions 12/6
Postage and packing for abroad 2/6 extra.

SAMPLE TREATMENT
merely to demonstrate the efficiency of the Helen Lawrence method.
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THE HOUSE OF VASCO:

The Most Cherished of Ladies' Treasures.
The Rendezvous of the World's Elite.
The Ladies' Coiffeur of Unsurpassable Distinction.



A Shingle and Permanent Wave at Vasco's.

VASCO'S NOVELTIES for 1924. "SHINGLING"

of such extreme elegance and perfection that the password at Fashionable Dinners, Dances, etc., is, "If you want to look smart have your hair Shingled at Vasco's,"

and "STEAMETTE"

the new process for Permanently Waving hair without electricity. Now Monsieur Vasco is quite happy. He tells you Ladies that the addition of "Steamette" to his many other processes such as Oleo, Oleo-Boraxine, etc., allows him to undertake to give the Permanent Waving treatment to almost any kind of hair. He is sorry, however, to see that reluctance to have the hair Permanently Waved is yet prevalent because the market is chocked full of spurious Permanent Waving processes. He advises you to be carefully discerning—at a house of repute your hair will not be ruined; as for the different processes employed, leave it to the expert. If you should come to us you must trust Monsieur Vasco, who says, without fear of contradiction, that unless one can give exceptional workmanship, and supervision, no process, "whichever that may be," will make a success of a Permanent Wave—and, above all, you must trust the man whose Establishment's reputation throughout the World stands unique for Skill of unequalled superiority

from everyone in attendance; sound and straightforward advice from himself or the Head of each section; courtesy and no limitation of goodwill from all the Staff for the purpose of giving every client satisfaction.

SECTIONS AT VASCO'S:

PERMANENT HAIR WAVING—20 Machines and Operators.
Charges: Whole Head from £5 5 0; Front from £3 3 0;
Side Curls 6/- each.

CLINIC for the Treatment of Scalp and Hair Diseases. Under the supervision of Mr. Booth, the eminent trichologist. Advice free.

HAIR COLOURING directed by Mons. Ernest, the great expert. Advice free.

HAIR WAVING "Ordinary"—Fifteen experts in attendance.

HAIR WORK where perfect style, workmanship and quality are guaranteed.

HAIR SHINGLING perfected by our specialists, specially engaged.

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SHAMPOOINGS—Henna, camomile, medicated, oil, tar, pine, etc., of the finest quality.

PREPARATIONS strongly recommended by Mons. VASCO:

SETTING LOTION of exceptional fragrance. Specially prepared for Permanently Waved Hair. 8 oz., 13/-, or 12 oz., 18/-, or 16 oz., 23/-; postage extra.

OLYFLOS—"The Queen of Skin Foods," in tubes at 3/- and 5/-; in pots 1/3, all post free.

ZEPHYR—The most perfect of Hair Colourings, in twelve shades—rapid, clean, permanent. Small outfit, 3/6; large, 13/6, both post free. When ordering mention colour desired.

Telephone: Mayfair 1903.

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ALL THE ABOVE WILL BE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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"They braced my aunt against a board
To make her straight and tall.
They laced her up, they starved her down
To make her light and small."

"They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins.
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins."

*The modern science
of Elizabeth Arden brings sure and
natural beauty to every woman*

When we read these quaint verses describing the old painful and artificial methods of acquiring good looks, we are more than ever thankful for the sound and easy science developed by Elizabeth Arden. Elizabeth Arden creates beauty simply by creating perfect health in every tissue.

The Elizabeth Arden exercises for Health and Beauty are the foundation of loveliness. For these scientific movements, created especially for women, put every part of the body in happy working order. Beauty is impossible without perfect health. Elizabeth Arden's Exercises develop beautiful proportions, normalize the weight, and stimulate every bodily process which contributes to a clear, healthy skin.

The Arden method of skin treatment is simple and fundamental in every step. The famous Muscle-Strapping, Skin-Toning Treatments make the cheeks smooth, and firm by building up the starved muscles beneath. The corrective patting prevents and removes wrinkles, smooths and firms the contours, by strengthening the tissues. And it clears and refines the skin, by stimulating the circulation to carry off poisons which cause eruptions, coarse pores and blackheads, and muddy sallowness.

In fact, Elizabeth Arden simply helps your intended *natural* loveliness to find itself. Her method is not artifice; it is science.

If you cannot come to Elizabeth Arden's Salon to consult her about your problems of good looks, and to enjoy the benefits of her expert Treatments, write describing the characteristics and faults of your complexion. Elizabeth Arden will send you a personal letter of advice on the correct care of your skin, enclosing her book "The Quest of the Beautiful," outlining her scientific method. Ask also for Elizabeth Arden's book on her Exercises for Health and Beauty.

For a lovely skin, use:

Venetian Cleansing Cream—Soft, melting; cleanses deeply and gently; leaves the skin pure and soft. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic—Tones, firms and whitens the skin; keeps it clear and healthy. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6

Venetian Special Astringent—Braces and lifts sagging muscles; strengthens the contours; excellent for flabby chin and throat. 9/6, 17/6, 32/6

Venetian Pore Cream—Closes open pores, corrects their laxness, refines the coarsest skin. 4/6

Elizabeth Arden Exercises for Health and Beauty—Three double-faced gramophone records, with music and clear commands. Each exercise developed especially for women, to perfect some specific part of the body. Wonderful to normalize the weight, correct sluggishness and depression, develop poise, vitality and a clear skin. Diet form and weight and measurement chart with each set. £2 2s. the set.

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Miss Joan Barry
wearing *Ciro Pearls*

*Ciro Pearls
are invariably
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ocean pearls*

but no substitute can ever be mistaken for true *Ciro Pearls*. There is a world of difference between *Ciro Pearls* made by our own exclusive processes by individual artists in pearl reproduction, and imitation pearls turned out by factory methods. *Ciro Pearls* are not sold here, there, and everywhere but only at our own establishments.

Ciro Pearls

*We cordially invite everyone to inspect the unique collection of pearls at our showrooms, or we will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp, in beautiful case for One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will refund your money in full.*

Our Pearl Booklet No. 5 post free on request.

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A Holiday Resort.

In the problem of choosing where to go for the summer holidays, it is a difficult task to please the varied tastes of every member of a large family. Yet Harrogate as a holiday resort offers many possibilities; it implies rest and health-giving waters to those in search of quiet and fitness, and offers boundless amusements to the more energetically inclined. To begin with, the very scenery is exhilarating, and from the high points of the town one may survey wide stretches of beautiful, heather-clad Yorkshire moors, and enjoy the invigorating breezes which blow across them. The lovely walks and drives amidst the picturesque countryside surrounding the town are inexhaustible, and the most energetic explorer will discover continually fresh fields to conquer and interesting places to explore.

Sports and Amusements.

To ardent sports enthusiasts Harrogate offers alluring pastimes. There are no fewer than three golf clubs in the town—Harrogate, Oakdale, and Pannal—and on

the links of all three Sunday play is obtainable. Tennis, on both grass and *en tout cas* courts, can be found in many clubs in or near the town; and the surrounding rivers offer the compleat angler plenty of sport.

excellent drama, opera, musical comedy, and revue.

The Harrogate Waters. The first authentic record of the discovery of the marvellous powers of the real mineral springs at Harrogate was in 1571, when an Englishman who travelled constantly on the Continent remarked the similarity of the springs at Spa to those near his home. Since that date their fame grew steadily, and many new wells of various kinds were discovered as the demand grew greater. A hundred years ago the precious waters were merely scooped out by a large ladle and handed to the patients. To-day they are taken in the luxuriously appointed Royal Baths, fitted with every modern improvement and comfort. There are nearly one hundred different treatments available, and all are administered by fully trained staffs. Interesting handbooks giving full particulars of the Harrogate cures and the residential and holiday aspects of the town will be sent gratis and post free to all readers of this paper who apply to F. J. C. Broome, General Manager, Publicity Department, Harrogate.



The beautiful Valley Gardens, Harrogate, where one may procure tea amidst the picturesque surroundings of a Japanese tea-house.

Harrogate is well known for the excellence of its concerts and orchestras. In the lovely Crescent Gardens and the Valley Gardens a band plays morning and afternoon, and in the evening the Grand Opera House provides



Enchanting beauty is very rare. It is a combination of perfections. But single perfections are worth cultivation, and by far the most important is your skin. There is a daily ritual to be practised if you would have the sort of complexion that is noticeably perfect. It needs a cleansing cream with properties that are cunningly chosen and mixed. Such a cream is

POMEROY SKIN FOOD

2/3 a Jar

Used regularly, according to directions, it will bring out the natural beauty of your skin.

Ask for it at any Chemist or Store or drop in to 29 Old Bond Street as you pass

Perspiration moisture and odour

can be prevented by one application of this rosy-coloured liquid



You have always taken it for granted that it was not possible to overcome the perspiration moisture and odour that annoys and frequently embarrasses you. You thought perhaps that as it was a natural bodily function it would be harmful to stop it.

Yet it is possible to have complete relief from perspiration annoyance — harmlessly and easily.

Extreme perspiration of one part of the body, such as the underarms, is due to local irregularities of the sensitive sweat glands. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make normal evaporation impossible, so that corrective measures are necessary.

One application of Odorono gives you complete relief from perspiration moisture and odour for three days—two applications a week keep your underarms

always dry and immaculate. Odorono is an antiseptic toilet water, formulated for the special purpose of counteracting excessive perspiration, without affecting the natural healthful perspiration of the rest of the body.

Odorono is delightfully easy to use, and quite harmless. You simply pat it on to the underarm with a piece of soft cloth or cotton wool, or with the tips of the fingers. Odorono is obtainable at all high-class chemists' and stores—sizes 1/6, 2/9, and 5/-.

Send to-day for free booklet:

"The scientific way to prevent perspiration odour and moisture," which tells you more about the relief of perspiration. Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.



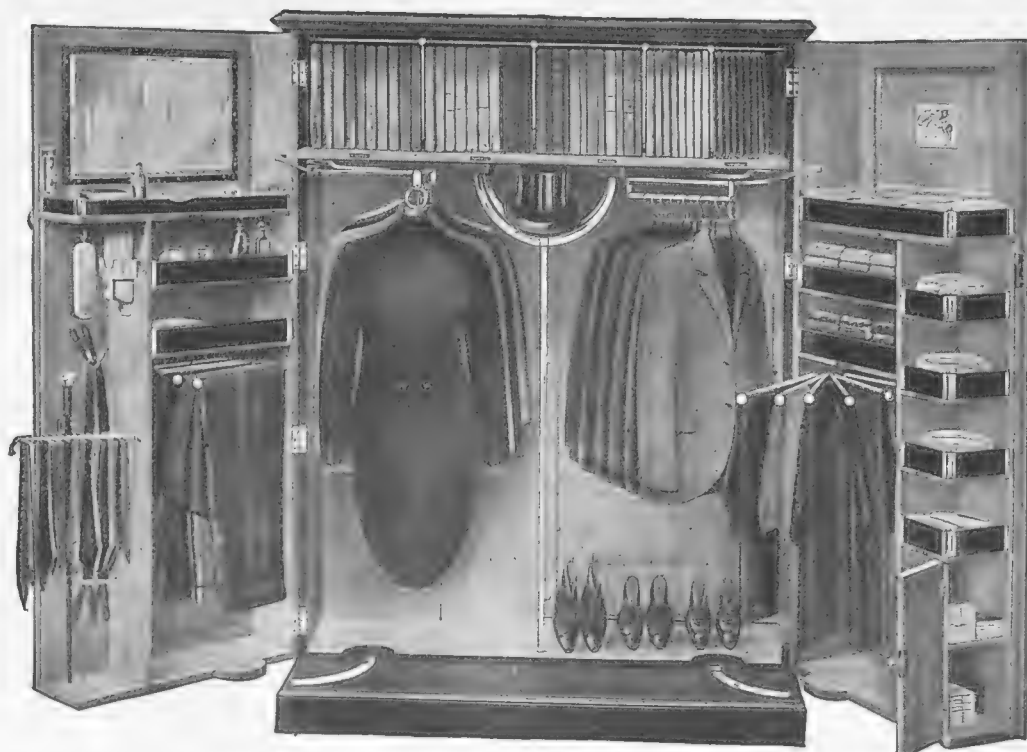
Odorono is quick and easy to use. You simply pat it on to the underarm with a piece of cotton wool.

ODO-RO-NO

For excessive perspiration



The Cabinet you will Eventually Buy.



You can buy the Compactom Clothing Cabinet wherever really good furniture is sold.

Models are being displayed this month in the windows of the following Agents :

BATH - Jolly & Son (Bath), Ltd.
 BIRMINGHAM - Saxons, Ltd.
 BLACKPOOL - Wm. Kirkman.
 BOLTON - Axforde, Ltd.
 BRADFORD - Brown, Muff & Co., Ltd.
 BRIGHTON - Colbourne & Co., Ltd.
 BRISTOL - P. E. Gane.
 BROMLEY - Newbery & Spindler.
 CARDIFF - Thomson (Bromley), Ltd.
 CHELTENHAM - James Howell & Co., Ltd.
 COVENTRY - Shirer & Haddon, Ltd.
 DERBY - Lovell & Co.
 DEWSBURY - Twigg & Sons.
 DUBLIN - Rickers, Ltd.
 DUNDEE - Clerys, Ltd.
 GUERNSEY - Thos. Justice & Sons, Ltd.
 HALIFAX - J. R. Holbrook.
 HASTINGS - Hanson & Son.
 HULL - Simpson & Son.
 KINGSTON-ON-THAMES - F. C. Sinden.
 LANCASTER - Bladons, Ltd.
 LEAMINGTON - Hammonds, Ltd.
 LEAMINGTON SPA - J. Hide & Co.
 LEEDS - Johnson & Son.
 LEICESTER - E. Francis & Sons, Ltd.
 LIVERPOOL - Frederick E. Blake.
 LLANDUDNO - Denby & Spinks.
 LYMINGTON - John Sharpe & Co., Ltd.
 MARGATE - Pioneer Stores, Ltd.
 MANCHESTER - Rhydwen Jones & Davies.
 MIDDLESBOROUGH - Ford & Co.
 NEWMARKET - Bobby & Co.
 NOTTINGHAM - Finnigans, Ltd.
 OLDHAM - H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd.
 PAISLEY - Cole & Co.
 PETERBOROUGH - Smart & Brown, Ltd.
 READING - Buckley & Procter.
 SOUTHAMPTON - Robert Cochran & Sons, Ltd.
 SOUTHPORT - Alexander Thomson.
 SUNDERLAND - Heelas, Sons & Co., Ltd.
 TRURO - Shepherd & Hedger.
 WARRINGTON - C. F. Chinnery, Ltd.
 WORCESTER - H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd.
 YORK - Criddle & Smith, Ltd.
 and at - Pendlebury & Co.
 Great Yorkshire Show - Charles, Ltd.
 Wembley British Empire Exhibition, Palace of Industry - Hunter & Smallpage.
 Stand No. T820 - Brown, Bros. & Taylor.

The Compactom Clothing Cabinet

May we send you details of the Ladies' Model? It is companionable to this.

The sensible arrangement, the luxurious fittings, the large accommodation the workmanship and finish, are definite qualities of the Compactom Clothing Cabinet which cannot be denied, but you can only know the pride of ownership, the unusual comfort and the pleasure enjoyed by its use after investigation and investment.

It embodies all the old ideals of structural solidity and all the modern ideals of dressing comfort, convenience and care of clothes.

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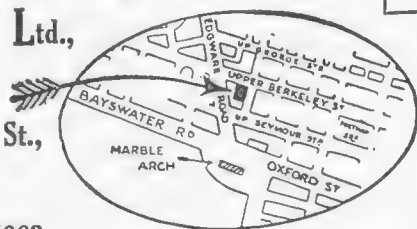
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NOVEL NOTES.

AS MEN SOW. By ROBERT BRYMER. (Foulis; 7s. 6d.)

"They also reap." But the text, however excellent in itself, requires dramatic working out if it is to be well illustrated in fiction. The story is about "men fra Bradford": there is rich Joshua Saville, John, his younger brother, and Pressern, the commercial traveller. John is the villain, or the would-be villain, of the piece. He hates Joshua, because somehow he has managed to keep their father's will a secret. This must have taken some doing, and would have made a more wonderful story by itself. Finally, John comes home from a commercial college, with murder in his heart. He reaps, of course, but neither his sowing nor his reaping impresses the reader very deeply.

IN OUR TOWN. By CORALIE HOBSON. (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.)

Another story of a manufacturing town, but here the picture is drawn by a writer of some accomplishment. One would not, however, choose Marshbridge as a place to live in, for its people are anything but gracious. Nor are they very moral. That may not matter in up-to-date fiction, but in our town the percentage of matrimonial slips is extraordinarily high, even for a novel of 1924. A harsh story, but not lacking in power.

BARNABÉ AND HIS WHALE. By RENÉ THÉVENIN. (Arrowsmith; 7s. 6d.)

This translation from the French seems to echo faintly an incident in "Les Misérables."

But here two characters take up their abode not in a stuffed elephant, but in a stuffed whale. In that odd lodging lived Barnabé with a chance female acquaintance. Natural history abounds, and we are not allowed to escape an elephant (live this time), and a hippopotamus (also all alive). The under-world of Paris and many queer happenings go to the making of a still queerer story. The translation is by Ben Ray Redman.

ANNA NUGENT. By ISABEL C. CLARKE. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Anna Nugent and Gay Lawton were friends, and, like many friends, rather diverse in character. Anna was of a sweet, unworldly disposition; Gay a stirring young person with an eye out for mankind. She had had several affairs, in which she took the initiative. The characterisation is strong and good, and the Italian setting of the story excellently handled. A novel worth reading.

THE SWEDISH WOMAN. By ROBERT CROZIER LONG. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

An admirably vivid piece of work. Signé, the Swedish woman, was married and had children, but in her husband's absence she fell in love with an Englishman who had been through the war and was disabled. The easier divorce laws of her country seemed to offer Signé a simple way of escape. But when she came to ask her husband to set her free, she found herself up against many complexities. In these lies the chief interest of the story, which is not fertile in mere incident. The action turns on the play of

mind on mind, for Signé cannot see unmoved the torture to which her proposal is subjecting her husband. Torn between her new passion and her old ties, she makes a poignant and appealing figure. A really fine study of character, and also of Swedish manners and morals.

THE GOLD OF THE SUNSET. By FREDERICK SLEATH. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Ex-Service men will appreciate this story, which deals in part with their standing grievances against the Ministry of Pensions. But there is more in it than that. Romance enters in the person of the heroine who has been forced into marriage with an old reprobate whom she detests. And the romantic element has a streak of the uncanny, which lifts the whole scheme on to a plane above mere financial worries. Then there is a murder mystery, for the old reprobate aforesaid dies in suspicious circumstances, which is not a pleasant thing for his widow. A little of everything well put together.

MARIPOSA. By HENRY BAERLEIN. (Parsons; 7s. 6d.)

Mariposa was a Spanish dancer of Seville. Like so many of her class, she had a mother who was not a very high-bred lady. To London came Mariposa (with her mother), in search of "réclame and recall," to be won by her twinkling feet. In spite of appearances and temptations, this heroine had a nice conscience, and drew the line at the more giddy dances of Andalusia. Her virtue is rewarded in due time by marriage—not with a duke or a prince.

OUR £2,000 COMPETITION

You have only this week left in which to enter for the wonderful prizes offered to you for the exercise of your artistic skill. We think it of interest to give you the list of what you may win—so here you are:—

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4th Prize.—£100.

5th Prize.—A Canteen of Community Plate; value £94 10s.

6th Prize.—The marvellous Ciné-Kodak and Kodoscope; value £80.

7th Prize.—Splendid Cliftophone; value £75.

8th Prize.—£50 in Cash,

9th Prize.—A Necklace of the Famous Tecla Artificial Pearls, with Platinum and Real Diamond Clasp; value £17.

10th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

11th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

12th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

13th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

14th Prize.—£10 in Cash.

15th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

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17th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

18th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

19th Prize.—Case of Sparkling Muscatel, Big-Tree Brand; value £10.

N.B.—The third prize-winner will be given the option whether he will take the £100 in cash or the Pianola Piano, worth £144; in which case the fourth prize-winner will be awarded whichever is not selected. Similarly, the seventh prize-winner will be given the option of taking the £50 or the £75 Cliftophone—the eighth prize-winner taking whichever is not chosen.

We wish again to point out that this does not complete the list of prizes which it is hoped we shall give for this unparalleled trial of skill. Also we should like to impress upon you all the Simplicity of the present contest, as well as the fact that there is No Entrance Fee.

Above all, read the conditions on Pages 2 and 3 of the Cover, and remember there is no limit to the number of the solutions you may send in. All you have to do is to get your copies of *The Sketch*—as many as you please—put down your order of merit, sign the signature form, and send it all to us.

The Editor cannot enter into ANY correspondence with regard to this Competition.

On the cover of our last issue was "Last Week for Our £2000 in Prizes." Obviously, this should have been Last Weeks. You have until July 30th for sending in, although the last signature form is in this issue.

N.B.—Do not fail to examine Pages 2 and 3 of the Cover of this Issue.

Warwick Wright Says

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A QUIET SUNDAY MORNING.

(Continued from page 177.)

"I hope so," I murmured, passing behind Mrs. B.

"I hope so," I murmured again, passing behind Jean.

"What do they see in me, Mr. Moon?" the model asked demurely.

"Mrs. Banbury—a cat," I said. "Green-eyed, dangerous, conscienceless, voracious. Miss Trout—a kitten, green-eyed, playful seductive, heartless."

"My eyes are brown," said the model frankly.

"And Miss Renton—God bless her!—a canary, a little canary, frightened, innocent, a thing of joy—in a kind of cage."

"A lift, perhaps?" said Mrs. Banbury.

"Well," said the model, jumping to her feet, "I think, perhaps, I'd better go home."

"The truth, of course—" I began.

"YES, MR. MOON?" said four eager voices in unison.

"—is stranger than the pictures. Good-bye, Mrs. Banbury; I hope I've been a help."

"You have, indeed. I feel we've got at the real Phyllis this morning."

"Cat, kitten, or canary?" said Phyllis.

"All three," said Mrs. Banbury. "Mr. Moon is right. We're wasting our time. The real Phyllis will never be discovered. Not in a picture."

"There are always the movies," said Lettice Trout unkindly.

"On the contrary," said I, "the real Phyllis (I hope) will shortly be discovered in the Park—with me."

"I believe she will," said Phyllis. "And a pleasant change it will be."

"I shall certainly call on your mother," said Mrs. Banbury.

This interesting series by A. P. Herbert will be continued from week to week.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LVIII.

WHEN TO BREAK GOLDEN RULES.

MY readers, judging from the letters I receive, are pretty astute bridge-players. They seem to know most there is to be known about the game; they are down with a dull and heavy thud on this writer, anyhow, when perchance mistakes, either in talk or in exemplary hands and problems, creep into my notes, yet let it be said with all modesty they are vastly kind on the whole.

This being so, a few words on what I term higher bridge play will not be out of place every now and again, and I'm having a go at it this week, my subject being when certain rules for defensive play must be entirely ignored. It is, of course, common knowledge that the breaking of the *jeux-de-règle*, and knowing exactly when to break them, is what puts the strong player just so far ahead of his fellow-players, this both in the declare and in the play; and my readers, being well aware of this, may say "Yes, yes; tut tut!" (or words to that effect). "We know that, and we really do not want any small-talk on such worm-eaten topics." Yet, with all deference, I ask them to read on, and perhaps they may hear something that will make them take notice.

We have a rule at bridge, and a jolly good rule it is, too, which says "Always force the strong hand, but never force the weak one." Well, now I'm going to show you when you should force the weak hand, and when it is good play to do so! "Pachabo," in his "Twelve Keys to Auction Bridge Play" calls this play the "Foil," and this is what he says about it—

When dummy has a threatening suit and no entry outside trumps, the adversaries should force dummy to ruff by leading a winning card of a suit whenever they get the lead. Thus, if dummy has a good five- or six-card suit, and, say, four trumps, or

king or queen and two others, the declarer may lose all contact with the long suit through the adversaries forcing dummy.

The object here is to prevent dummy getting in on a third round of trumps. On occasions it may be possible to employ the "Foil" to advantage even when dummy has five trumps, as two forces may prevent dummy getting in.

"Pachabo" gives examples of this play. Here is one taken from actual play.

A is playing four clubs, and B (dummy) puts down—

SPADES—Q, K_n, 10, 6, 5, 3.

HEARTS—x, x, x.

CLUBS—A, Q, 4.

DIAMONDS—x.

B (dummy)

Y Z

A

Y leads king of diamonds, which A wins, and then leads ace and a small spade; this Z wins with the king. The question is what should Z lead now? Most players would lead hearts, being a book lead up to weakness, while bearing in mind the old-time advice to force the strong but never the weak hand. Yet the best lead here is a diamond to knock out one of dummy's trumps, when the set-up spade suit becomes useless provided either Y or Z holds three trumps, for A cannot both clear trumps and put dummy in.

Here is another example. A is playing three spades. Y (original leader's) and B (dummy's) hands were—

SPADES—Q, 7, 2.

HEARTS—Q, 8, 3.

CLUBS—A, Q, 10, 6, 5, 2.

DIAMONDS—9.

B (dummy)

SPADES—6, 4.

HEARTS—K, 7, 2.

CLUBS—9, 7.

DIAMONDS—A, K, Q, 7, 6, 3.

Y Z

A

[Continued overleaf.]

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THE LAST LAP!

This is to remind you that this is the last week in which we print the form whereon you sign your name, in order to gain the valuable prizes offered to you for nothing except the exercise of common-sense.



If you have already sent in, there is nothing to prevent your continuing to do so; but if you have not done so, we are not to blame for your losing such a unique opportunity.

This is decidedly the last lap; so put on a spurt. Though you have till the 30th of July to send in your solutions, no more signature forms will appear after this week.

Here you have a better chance of winning a huge sum than if you go in for a sweep, because the gaining of *The Sketch* prizes is not a matter of pure chance. There is the element of your choice, which makes the competition so interesting.

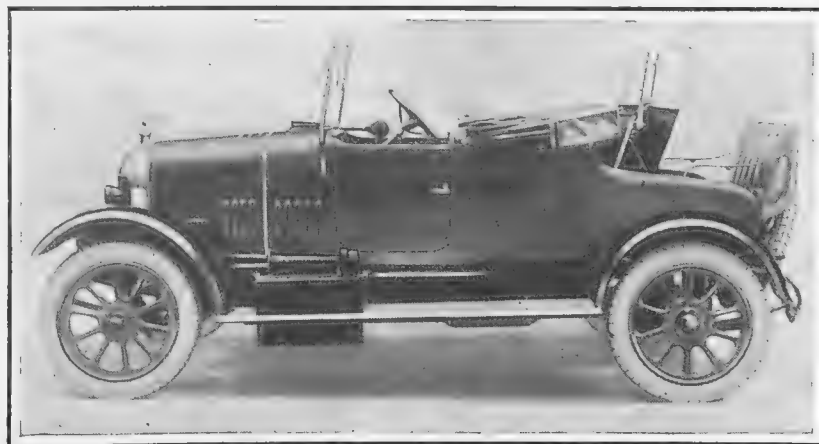
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Continued.]

Y opens king of diamonds. What should he lead next? He should assume that his partner holds three trumps, in which case a force on dummy will prevent that hand winning the third round of trumps. Possibly everything hinges on whether A can set up the club suit before taking out three rounds of trumps, finishing with the queen in dummy, and this will be his business as soon as he gets in. Y's best lead, therefore, is another diamond, forcing the so-called weak hand. Of course, if AB have all the clubs and trumps, the game is over. But suppose A is short in clubs and has to come into his own hand to get a lead through. Now, thanks to the force on dummy, he will not be able to enter that hand on the third round of trumps, and he will find it difficult to score more than contract.

SOLUTION TO BRIDGE PROBLEM No. 22.

The last six cards in each of the player's hands were—

SPADES—7, 4.
HEARTS—None.
CLUBS—9, 6, 4.
DIAMONDS—Q.

B

SPADES—None.
HEARTS—None.
CLUBS—10, 7, 5, 3, 2.
DIAMONDS—3.

Y

Z

SPADES—9, 8.
HEARTS—Kn, 9.
CLUBS—8.
DIAMONDS—Kn.

A

SPADES—10, 6.
HEARTS—10, 8, 7.
CLUBS—None.
DIAMONDS—10.

Diamonds are trumps, and it is A's lead. To save the game, YZ must make three tricks against any lead and play by AB.

It is clear that AB's best chance of stopping YZ from winning three tricks is to lead a trump. This gives B the lead, and his hope now is to lead the nine of clubs. If he lead

a small one, Z wins, and must make a spade and heart trick in addition, while, if B leads a spade, YZ between them must win a spade, heart, and club trick. So his only lead is the nine of clubs. Now, Y must win this trick, else B will branch to spades, and YZ win a spade and heart trick only. But having won this trick, Y must be careful. If he leads the seven he must lead another, and Z will be put to such discards that he will never make a trick at all, and YZ would win two tricks only, both in clubs. Y must go on with a small club, compelling B to win, on which Z discards his nine of hearts, and now will make a spade and a heart. Thus YZ save the game against any lead and any play of AB.

Correct solutions from "Wayside," A. T. de Saumarez, Walter, Onyx and B. T. Bulmer.

The consecration of Liverpool Cathedral last week naturally focussed a good deal of attention on the city which is our second greatest seaport in the world, and deserves the name of the Gateway of the Empire which has been bestowed on it. It will therefore interest a number of people to know that a new official handbook on the City of Liverpool has just been issued by the Corporation and published by Littlebury Brothers, giving a complete and well-arranged description of the chief places of interest there. These, naturally, include the Walker Art Gallery; the impressive Exchange, which acts as a species of headquarters for the mercantile community; the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, the centre of the great raw cotton trade of the United Kingdom; and other interesting buildings; while the excursions and expeditions from Liverpool are also well tabulated in this excellent guide-book.

THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

A Problem for an "Agent."

There was a noisy scene at the Rotunda recently. There often is, but Montparnasse does not get disturbed, and the long-haired men and short-haired women who frequent this famous café—still tolerably Bohemian in spite of being well known—hardly bother to look up from their books. This time the quarrel was rather more serious, however, and it ended in the calling in of an agent—not a gendarme, please. The agent took out his note-book to draw up the inevitable *procès verbal*, but had some difficulty in getting at the cause of the dispute. It appeared that somebody had accused somebody of stealing something from somebody else. "Did you or did you not take it?" said the agent. "Of course not," was the reply. "The whole thing is ridiculous." So it was, for the quarrel was a literary quarrel, and it all turned upon whether Gustave Kahn had really invented *vers libre* or had stolen the invention from another. How could the poor agent understand? However, he insisted that he meant to find out who had stolen this *vers libre*.

A Tropical Tale.

This happened last week—or, at least, Michel Georges Michel says it did. It was in one of those luxurious trains of saloon carriages which at this time of the year carry away from Paris those who are rich enough to be really Bohemian. It may have been the blue train or the pink train or the yellow train, but I think it must have been blue—very blue. One saloon was occupied by a merry party which included a well-known Paris dancer. It was hot, and when one of the men began to put

[Continued overleaf.]

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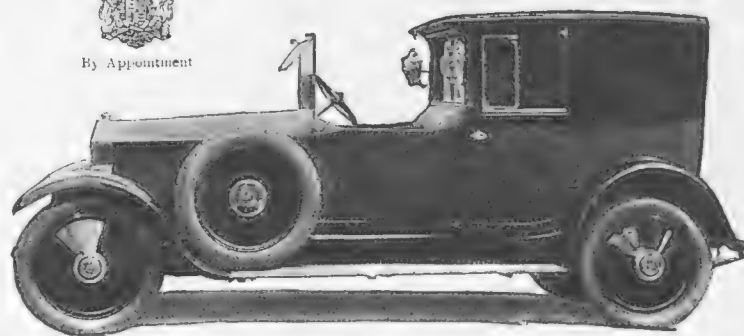
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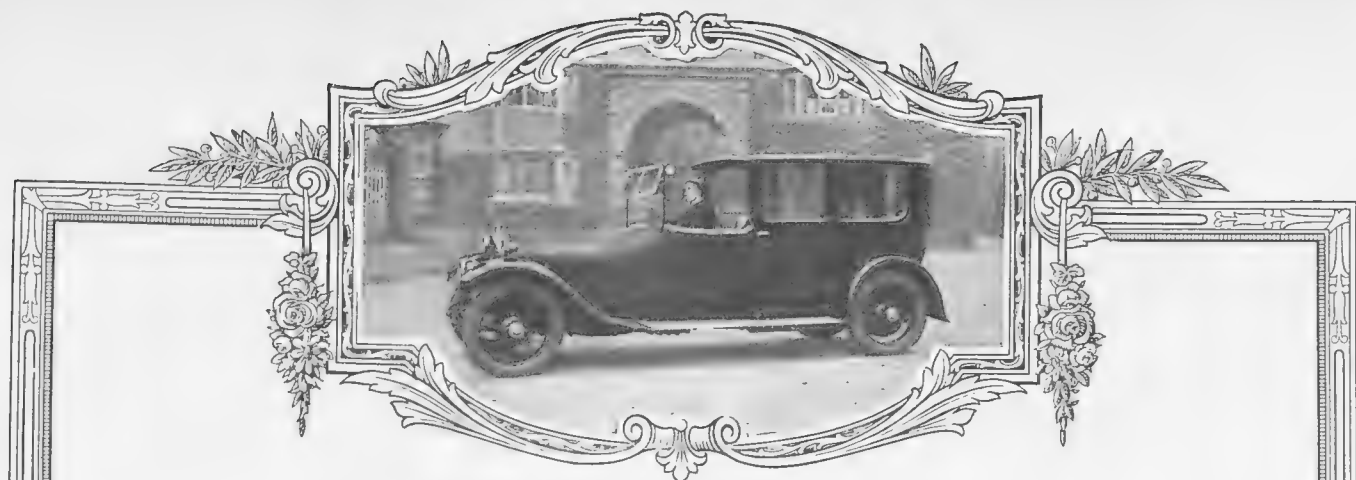
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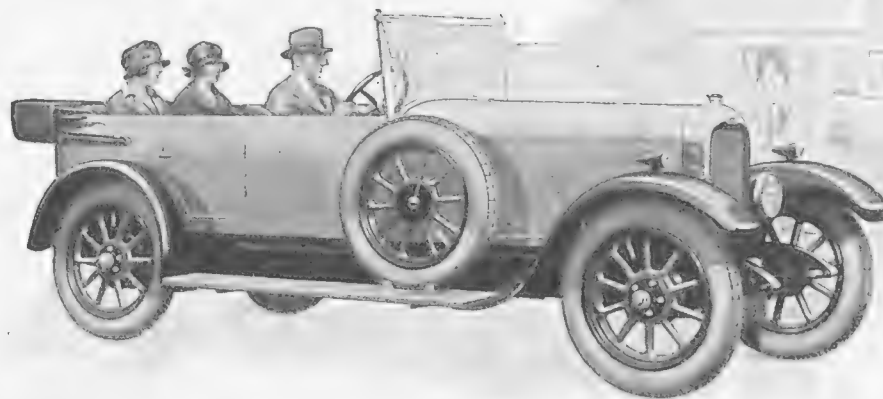

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156-18

Continued]

himself at his ease in shirt-sleeves, one of the dancers accepted the challenge and went a little further. Unfortunately, however, when the train slowed down, there was some difficulty in finding what had been discarded. Immediate action was necessary, and with great presence of mind the lady unpinned first one and then another of the long lace antimacassars which protect the railway carriage cushions from the always rather excessive brilliantine of the French male traveller's hair, and eventually walked up the steps of her hotel in a lace dress which would have appeared to be quite fashionable, if it had not been embroidered with the letters "P.L.M.," and several railway engines.

Mme. Simone's Plans. Mme. Simone, who once acted in English with George Alexander at the St. James's, when she was Mme. Simone Le Bargy, is now the wife of François Porché, the poet and dramatist. It is some years since she divorced the famous Sociétaire of the Comédie-Française, who had trained her for the stage, and afterwards married her. The two artists still remain good friends, however, and a year ago Mme. Simone was helping to direct the rehearsals of one of her present husband's plays, in which her former husband was playing the principal part. Mme. Simone has just been playing Sarah Bernhardt's old part in Rostand's "L'Aiglon," and next season, at the Renaissance, she is to appear as Joan of Arc in her husband's play, which was recently withdrawn by the author with so much flourish from the committee of the Comédie-Française because he was kept waiting when he was to read it to its members.

The Famous Amateur Circus.

For nearly forty years, one of the events which mark the end of the Paris season has been the Cirque Molier which everyone wants to go to, not only because it costs nothing, but because no amount of money can secure an entrance. Once more, last week, did Molier receive his guests in the circus, which at other times is a private riding-school in the Rue Benonville, near the Porte Dauphine—all the riding-schools are in this neighbourhood, no doubt because it is so near the entrance to the Bois. Once more did Mme. Molier make her horse dance and perform other evolutions of the Haute Ecole. Once more did smart gentlemen in pink show the guests to their seats, while other gentlemen, of equal social smartness, dressed themselves up as clowns and other mountebanks—for the performers are all amateurs. There were no lions this year, perhaps because it was difficult to establish their amateur status. I did not regret their absence, however, for I live next door, and lions have a way of roaring in a disturbing manner in the middle of the night, when the performance is all over, and nobody has asked them to say anything. Indeed, the performance itself was not brilliant, though there was some pretty dancing by Mlle. Yvonne Regis.

The Return of Mistinguett.

The large and comfortable Raimu, of the deep and solemn voice, who has the rare art of being comic with the utmost gravity, was well known on the music-halls before he took to playing comedy, and eventually became the principal member of the Variétés company. In the autumn he is to return to them. He and Mistinguett

are to be the principal stars of the winter revue at the Casino de Paris, and Raimu is even said to have written his own sketch. This means that Mistinguett is to deny herself the dollars and adulation of the United States for a time. However, she means to go back there, as all readers of the Paris papers have been told in those columns of welcome which are considered appropriate to the movements of an international celebrity. Another interesting piece of news in the world where revues are prepared and played is that Rip, who perhaps writes the wittiest things of the kind in Paris, is at last to join forces with Quinson, who is certainly the most successful of the managers who produce them.

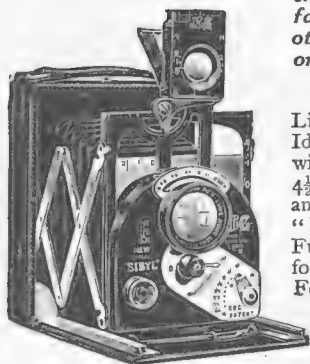
BOULEVARDIER.

The delightful picture, "The White Rose," which we reproduced in *The Sketch* in our issue of July 9, is an excellent example of the work of Miss Dorothy Burroughes, the young artist who is making such a name for herself. In our acknowledgments we referred to her in error as Mary Burroughes.

With a winged bell as a striking cover-design, the *Manchester Guardian* publishes an Advertising Review as a supplement. It is a critical and impartial examination of this most important aspect of modern life. It has as a sub-title, "A brief notice of some of the theories and principles of advertisement and of the contributory arts." These include nearly a score of articles on the justification, the economic case, the figures, the trade marks, the illustrating, the writing, the slogans, typography, principles, psychology, legal aspect, and poster section of this great development of commercial activity. The whole is arranged and produced by Mr. Charles V. Hobson.

The late Sir Ernest Shackleton wrote us:—

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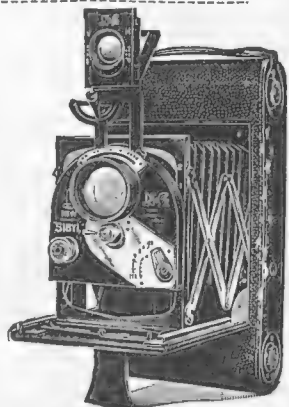
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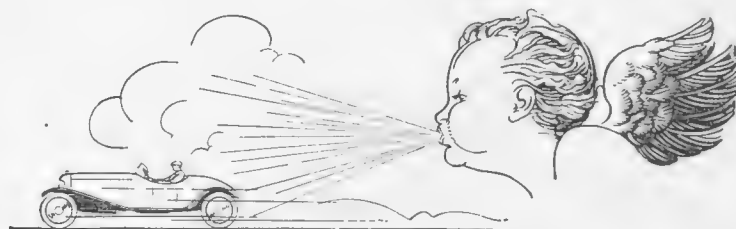
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AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

"WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND."
(AT THE PAVILION THEATRE.)

A CAPITAL melodrama lifted from one of the famous Zane Grey novels forms the basis of an effort in colour photography which is not only extraordinarily successful, but clearly points the way to the future of the coloured film. At the outset the eye, accustomed to the usual black-and-white of the screen, is somewhat disconcerted by these sunlit scenes in Nature's colouring, though some of the very first—as for instance, the arrival of an old three-decker paddle-steamer under its cloud of brownish smoke—are of real beauty. The fact is that we find ourselves concentrating on the colour photography, seeking out qualities and flaws, dwelling on the glitter of sunlight and the glow of hot blue skies, and therein lies the risk of fatigue. But anon, when the edge of novelty has worn off, and the drama itself asserts its claim on our interest, it is astonishing how much the technicolour

process adds to the atmosphere of the story, and how much truer is the balance between the actors and their surroundings. No doubt the story itself was selected with care, for the vast vistas of the Californian desert lend themselves well to colour treatment;

Of the plot, it is sufficient to reveal that the hero is driven into the Wastelands by an imagined crime, and there would have perished of thirst and hunger had not a kindly old gold-pro prospector first succoured him, and a band of Indians finally befriended him. Later, he becomes a sort of Robin Hood of the desert, helping the needy and the oppressed, held by the magic of a country which seems pitiless in its stark, unchanging aspect. No black-and-white presentment could have brought home to the onlooker the awful power of Nature in her most cruel mood as does this coloured film. The bleached sand seems to radiate heat, the shrubs and cacti quiver beneath the scourge of the sun, the barren rocks rear up their sun-baked, stony ramparts as if to say: "So far, and no farther." The puny human being, staggering and delirious with thirst, in the midst of this grandeur, is pitiful indeed: when the mirage of cool waters resolves itself beneath his fingers into sand, and yet again

sand, we suffer—for we see—with him. The chase of the fugitive gives us some night scenes of plastic beauty, and from

[Continued overleaf.]



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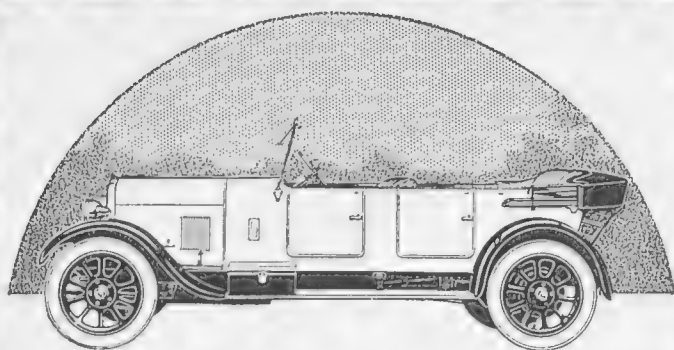
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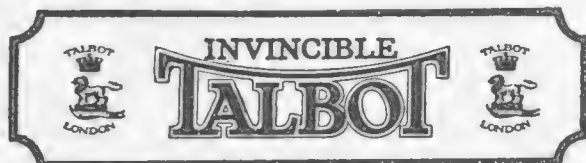




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beginning to end the photography as well as the direction, for which Mr. Irvin Willat is responsible, reach a high level of achievement. The spirit of Zane Grey's pages has been caught by the actors, notably by Jack Holt and Noah Beery, in whose hands the struggles, the privations, and the friendship of the Wanderer and his rugged ally become very real and natural.

The Pavilion programme opens with a mild comedy entitled "Ruggles of Red Gap," directed by James Cruze, who produced "The Covered Wagon." It concerns the efforts of an English valet to polish a wild and woolly Westerner who refuses to retain any sort of veneer.

Ernest Torrence supplies one of his excellent character studies in the part of this unwilling gentleman, and so long as he holds the screen there is plenty of food for laughter. For the rest, the film finds an unconscious addition to its rather meagre wit in the shape of an English Earl and his brother, the "Honourable John," as seen through American eyes.

"HIS GRACE GIVES NOTICE."

(A STOLL FILM.)

There is a happy atmosphere in the film based on Lady Troubridge's story, "His Grace Gives Notice." It possesses a healthy, jolly humour that is neither surprisingly original nor disconcertingly brilliant, but very pleasant withal. The romance of a good-looking footman who succeeds to a dukedom provides plenty of opportunity for fun below-stairs, as well as for spirited doings above. For George, the footman-

duke, is in love with his former mistress, and the turn of Fortune's wheel enables him to follow in pursuit when the reckless little lady goes off to Paris with the fortune-hunting villain. George arrives in the nick of time to deliver the classic knock-out blow which settles the villain and lands the heroine in his Grace's arms.

A somewhat old-fashioned exaggeration of the various conventional servant types—stout housekeeper, heavy butler, pert maid, and adoring "tweenie"—might have been avoided without detriment to the comedy; but it has to be admitted that the members of the domestic staff, played as they are for all they are worth, are entertaining company. Miss Mary Brough is—well, just Miss Mary Brough, and that is all we want her to be. Miss Gladys Hamer contributes a brilliant and amusing character-study of the hero-worshipping "tweenie," whose devotion to George is equalled only by her passion for the movies. Mr. Henry Victor's George is manly and sympathetic, and Miss Nora Swinburne, though a trifle limited in expression, shows vitality and spirit as the escaping heroine. Mr. Kellino, the producer, has done his work well and has achieved a thoroughly English film, thoroughly amusing, and destined to be popular.

A member of the Travellers' Club has pointed out what he calls a "bad mistake" in my appreciation of "Trailing African Wild Animals," wherein I referred to "deer of all sorts." There are no deer in East Africa, he says, only antelope. The gentleman is, I am sure, a sportsman, possibly a great hunter. Let him look to his guns!

Deer is a Teutonic word (German: *Tier*; Dutch: *Dier*), meaning wild animal. Our immortal Shakespeare probably used the word in that sense when he described mice as "small deer"! Shall I then be debarred from using it in reference to antelope? But I have heavier shot than that in my locker.

Deer, originally used to describe one or two British species, has now been extended to all members of the family *Cervidae* in the section *Pecora*.

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That being that, I'll stick to my deer. The word is so much more handy than "ruminating artiodactyle ungulates"!

Those who are starting on their summer holiday should not forget to include the *Magpie* in their party, as the summer number of this magazine of fiction and pictorial art makes a delightful travelling companion. Its pages of illustrations include pictures comic, decorative, and charming; while some of the best of the modern authors are represented in its collection of fiction. William McFee, the author of "Command," "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," etc., contributes a splendid yarn, "On the Malecon"; and there is a characteristic Aldous Huxley tale, "Nine A.M."; a story by Victor McLure, author of "Ultimatum"; and a delightful true tale of Samoan cricket by Lewis R. Freeman.



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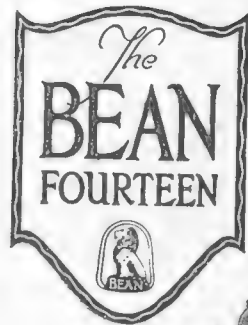
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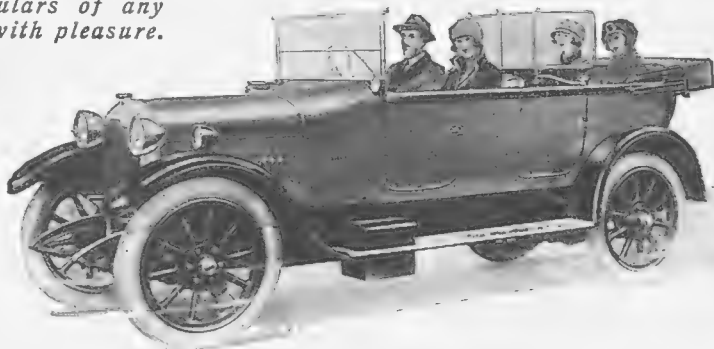
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A POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

COWES, that delightful centre of English yachting, has been bathed in brilliant sunshine during the past two weeks, and each week-end visitors have brought parties across the Solent, many having already commissioned their yachts for the season.

There will be several interesting new yachts in the Roads for Regatta Week at Cowes, the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron having been out lately in his new steam-yacht *Aires*, while the Vice-Commodore is similarly equipped this year with his new yacht *Pitania*, in which he has already had several cruises.

Visitors to the Royal Yacht Squadron have been plentiful during the past week-ends, although, naturally, the sloping green lawns are as yet only decorated with some dozen chairs—a small array compared with the hundreds which appear in August.

The Marquess and Marchioness Camden were recent visitors, having been cruising in their ketch *Arminel*. Lord Gort, who is in residence at East Cowes Castle, was about in his *Carlotta*; Lord and Lady Inchcape, who had just returned from Scotland, had Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham as their guests. Lord Inchcape chartered a P. and O. of his own company to take a large party of guests to view the Fleet at Spithead, and he will again be on the *Rover* at Cowes this year with several friends aboard.

Our old friend the *Terpsichore*, which seemed dogged by ill-luck for two years, has now changed her name and her ownership, being called *Lulworth*, so perhaps her luck will be changed too.

Major Philip Hunloke, who takes the tiller for the King, has already arrived to stay at the Royal Yacht Squadron Club, and is watching the *Britannia* on her new trials. Also in Mr. George Marvin's yard undergoing repairs were Lord Tredegar's steam-yacht *Restless*, and Sir Wyndham Murray's *Cecilia*. Major Courtauld has already been out in his *Eun Mara*, and Sir William Portal was awaiting the launching of his *Valdora* when I visited Cowes the other day.

Although it is so early in the season, the week-end of the National Fête of France saw Deauville full to the brim. At every turn one sees faces that are familiar in the worlds of art, literature, cinema, stage, and sport. The Dolly Sisters are there, as brown as berries, enjoying some air and sunshine before they make their trip to America. Mistinguett is resting at her villa near by, and comes over to see her friends at the Potinière. Alfred accompanies her, of course, and was greatly intrigued at the enormous woolly dog that a little dancer had brought in place of a Teddy bear. Maurice Rostand has taken a small villa, and divides his time between poetic meditation and a flutter at the tables. Sem is with us taking notes, at which the more celebrated will smile wry smiles when later in the season they will see how their pet *faibleses* have been seized upon by his witty pencil. Sem is as clever with his pen as with his pencil, and his conversation scintillates with epigrams. Pearl White is one of the famous stars who have chosen Deauville for a holiday. Gladys Cooper ran over for a night, looking prettier than ever. Another very pretty person who comes to

Deauville every year is Mme. Carpentier, wife of the famous Georges, so you will see the Potinière contains as many celebrities to the square yard as any resort in Europe.

Racing has already begun at Pont l'Évêque, a few miles from Deauville, and the big events there begin early in August. The polo, too, will bring a crowd of well-known people. The Duke and Duchess of Peñaranda will be staying with the latter's parents, the Marquis and Marquise de Vianna, at their villa at Hennequeville. The Duke and Duchess of Alba and Berwick will come too. They are at present in London with the young Comte and Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld and the Baron and Baronne de Styrcia, who will also come to Deauville for the Tir aux Pigeons. The Baron is a marvellous shot who did very well for his country, Roumania, in the Olympic shooting. Another well-known shot who will be here is the Marquis Santiago de Pidal, who, with his charming wife, is so popular in London and Paris.

Some of the lovely villas are already open. The Marquise du Bourg de Bozas is at hers, and so are Prince and Princess Philippe de Caraman Chimay. The Marquise de Chabannes has arrived; so have the Prince and Princess of Kapurthala; Mme. de Gainza, who has not been frightened away by the fact that nearly all her jewels were stolen here last year; Princess Vlora, who always wears such marvellous turban hats; Mlle. de Jumilhac, a very ardent golfer; and Captain de Bathe, as forerunner of the English polo set. Everybody will miss Lord and Lady Wodehouse, who are said not to be coming this year. They are a most popular couple, and always entertain a great deal at Deauville.—MARIEGOLD.



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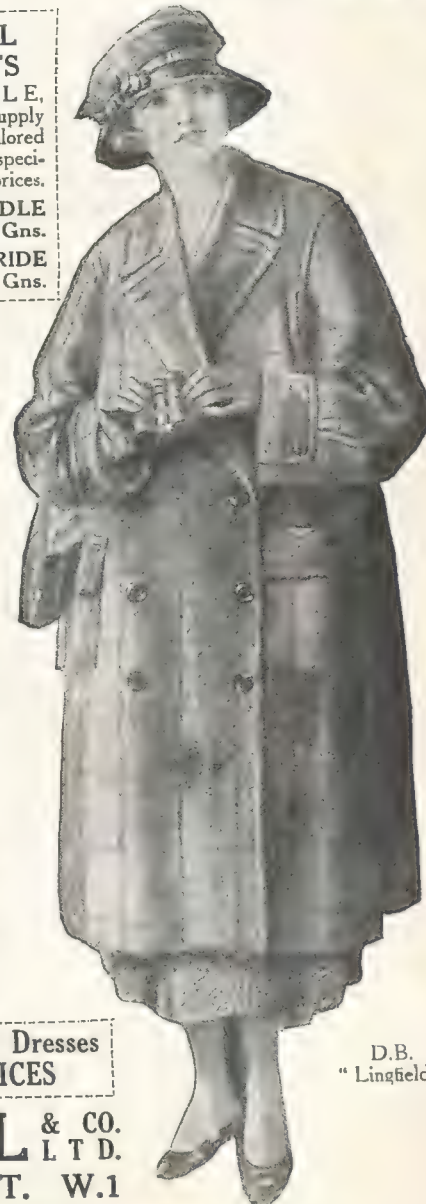
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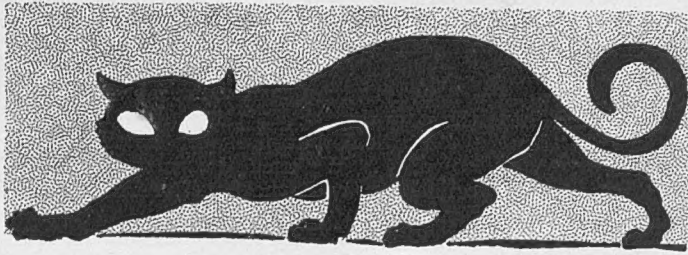
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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"COOL" isn't a warm enough word for it!" a broker exclaimed heatedly. "Some of these new issues are the limit, for calm presumption!" He mopped his brow with a large striped handkerchief. "Oh, come now," expostulated the broker sitting next to him. "Aren't you going a little too far? It's only occasionally that we get a real rotter in the way of new issues."

"People know too much nowadays to be bamboozled as they used to be in the good old times," another sighed.

"You have nothing to do because there's nobody to do, eh?" suggested Our Stroller, his eyes a-twinkle merrily.

The Stock Exchange men laughed with him. "If you want to be done, it's no use coming to the House," one of them assured him. "But cheer up. There's plenty of opportunity for rabbits to be caught if they will only follow their bucket-shop advisers."

"Don't you think that the public are entitled to look for a greater measure of protection than they get from your Stock Exchange Committee?"

"You can't expect—"

"But we do expect," persisted Our Stroller. "Your Committee refuse to allow dealings in shares inside the House unless certain formalities are complied with—isn't that so?"

The three brokers nodded as one man.

"Well, then," continued our critic, "that means you've given those shares a certain amount of respectability; and if the company turns out to be a swindle, all I can say is—"

He left it, eloquently unsaid, at that.

"I still maintain," the Committee's supporter defended, "that it would be impossible

for the Stock Exchange to discriminate so closely as to ban one thing as undesirable and to bless another as worth buying. Where can you draw the line?"

"Very difficult, I admit. My point, if only I can make myself clear, is that more might be done by the Stock Exchange Committee to find out in advance whether a thing is a thorough ramp or not."

One of the brokers sighed and said he supposed there was something in it. "My bill, please," he said to the waitress. "Yes, three butters; only one bread."

"You seem to have had what you might call an oily lunch," remarked one of his friends. "Margarine shares should be worth buying, I guess."

"Maypoles aren't at all a bad speculative investment, if you take them up and put them away. Anybody got a gasper? Thanks."

"Has the Textile rise gone far enough? And won't Amalgamated Cotton come along soon?"

"The rise isn't finished in the first," Our Stroller replied. "And why worry about Amalgamated when you can buy better things?"

"Because the price is lower, of course."

"Same old story. People like to get a lot of shares for their money, on the principle that there's more chance of a small rise than a large one."

"That's about it," assented another of the brokers. "And the lower-priced Rubber shares are always dearer than the others—relatively, I mean."

"How far is the Rubber boom going?" Our Stroller inquired.

"Hard to say. There's room for a rise in rubber, through the coming reduction of five per cent. in the output. But what the companies will gain on the swings they stand to lose on the roundabouts."

"Isn't there some dispute going on between

the Dutch Government and the companies over a taxation matter?"

"That is one of those things which you mustn't inquire too closely into at present," a broker warned. "I believe you are perfectly right; but, of course, one has to hope for the best and prepare for the worst. That's all one can say at present."

"The Dutch Government isn't likely to kill the cow that yields the golden latex."

"Poetical, but probably no more than a postulate. We used the same argument in connection with the South African elections last month."

"Yes, and the present South African Government seems to be almost benevolently disposed towards the mining industry. So your argument is a weapon that turns against yourself."

"I hope it will," declared the broker who had employed it. "We all want to see South Africans go better. Even the Cape people who are in London for the Exhibition tell us that."

"Do they tell you anything that's more practical?" asked Our Stroller. "What do they say about East Rands, for instance?"

"A topping gamble; only mind your eye. I had it from a Joburg man yesterday."

"Cryptic advice; it might mean anything."

"As it's probably meant to do. My honest belief is that East Rands will go to a pound."

"In time."

"That's more than I shall be," said Our Stroller, jumping up and asking for a bill. "I promised my wife to meet her at a quarter past, and it's ten past now."

"I hope she's near at hand," observed a broker.

"You hope for the best," quoted Our Stroller. "But I—prepare for the worst. Good-day, gentlemen." Friday, July 18, 1924.

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